

# The TATLER

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London, September 24, 1930

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# The TATTLER

Vol. CXVII. No. 1526. London, September 24, 1930

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Price One Shilling



## "PRIVATE LIVES"—NOEL COWARD'S LATEST

Sasha

MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AND MR. NOEL COWARD—THE HEROINE AND HERO  
(Inset) MISS ADRIANNE ALLEN

"Private Lives," after a very successful perambulation in the Provinces, where it has been acclaimed as Noel Coward at his best, makes its bow to London on Wednesday, September 24, at the Phoenix Theatre. There are only four characters in it which matter, Elyot (Mr. Noel Coward), Amanda (Miss Gertrude Lawrence), Victor (Mr. Laurence Olivier), and Sybil (Miss Adrienne Allen). Elyot and Amanda have been married and divorced in quick time; then Elyot marries Sybil and Amanda Victor, and they find out that the new arrangements do not work, and that the mixture as before is the real prescription. The necessary disentanglements make the play—and a good one at that. Records were shattered at all the provincial theatres, and London will most probably follow suit





AT MUSSELBURGH COURSE, EDINBURGH

Ian Smith

Snapped in the members' enclosure last week. Lieut.-Colonel Sir Gordon Carter, the famous secretary to H.M.'s representative and clerk of the course at Ascot, Lady Churchill, whose husband, Lord Churchill, has still to control the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, and Miss Sinclair

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

THIS week, my dear, I feel in critical mood, so if you detect any departure from my usual tolerance, don't be surprised. The cause may be autumn, increasing age, or a diet of dressed crab; it's impossible to tell which.

One concrete disappointment to which I own, is Sir Thomas Lipton's failure in his gallant attempt to retrieve the America's Cup. For no particular reason I somehow felt his energy and determination *must* at last succeed. Reading of rigging, quite incoherent to the lay mind, I pictured that some surprise would be bounced on America and that Shamrock would sail away unseen for foam. The names of the yachts should be reversed; no one was ever more addicted to Enterprise than Sir Thomas Lipton.

There is a sort of Conradic romance about the whole affair; a ship especially planned, setting out across the Atlantic to do credit to England. What an experience to be one of her crew. Colonel Hay, who on ordinary martial occasions commands the Leicestershire Yeomanry, is one of the members. Quiet and undemonstrative, he is the last person you would mark down for a varied and eventful career by land and sea.

\* \* \*

The merest suspicion of Leicestershire at this time of the year brings hounds and fox-hunting to mind. To those who love the sport there is nothing to surpass the "tang" in the morning air which gives promise of the coming season. Equally, nothing

## The Letters of Eve



Wilkin

THREE GENERATIONS

The Duke of Richmond, his son, the Earl of March, and the recently-arrived grandson. Lord March married Miss Elizabeth Hudson



Miss Compton Collier

MRS. HENRY CATOR AND HER SONS

A very pleasing picture taken near Ranworth Hall, Norwich. Mrs. Cator is the wife of Captain H. Cator, M.C., and the two boys are John and Francis. She is a sister of Sir Kenelm Cayley, Bt., who succeeded his father, the late Sir Everard Cayley, in 1917. Lady Mary Cayley, their mother, is a daughter of the late Lord Wharnclyffe

can mitigate the despair of those whose hunting prospects are poor to nil; the difficulty of deciding whether an odd day here and there is worth the ultimate discomfort can never be understood by the uninitiated.

The additions in master-ship to the famous Melton packs this year include Sir Harold Nutting who has joined Major Algy Burnaby in an attempt to control the Quorn; as far as the field is concerned this is not as easy as it sounds though Major Burnaby is second to none as field-master.

Colonel Colman is combining with Mr. Charles Tonge and the Belvoir Hounds. The former married Miss Peggy Brocklehurst last spring; there is nothing she does not know about the country for miles around, and woe betide the person who would follow her and not wish to jump large obstacles. This inclination is shared by her sister, Lady Conyers, who at the moment



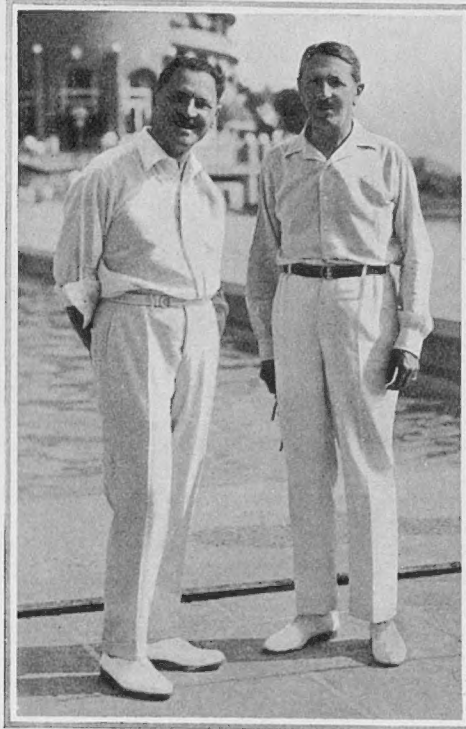
is pursuing lions and other wild beasts in Tanganyika but intends returning for the serious hunting season.

I cannot conclude this paragraph without reference to Mr. Sam Hames of Somerby. The news that owing to increasing years he is selling his horses and retiring from active competition will sadden his multitudinous friends. The finest horseman and greatest gentleman the county can produce is a fitting tribute to

this retiring sportsman. Many are the tales which he can tell of old Meltonian days; all full of humour but without a trace of malice.

\* \*

The next phase, period, or paragraph, I shall term my pathetic gazette, in compliment (sic) to our cinematographic friends. "Current events cast their shadows behind" is the sub-title suitable, for your critical powers will be subsidized by decisions when these words appear, whilst I, commenting on the Bridge Test, can only hope that England may gain a victory on the green baize of Almack's. The first references to this contest suggested a giant engineering feat to me, at that moment full of Empire-



AT MONTE: MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM AND M. LEON BARTHOU

The famous English playwright has a more or less permanent address, the Villa Mauresque, Cap Ferrat, and obviously finds the balmy airs of the Blue Coast more inspiring than those of fickle England

building thoughts. "Bridge Test"! think of it. A marvellous mechanical achievement, capable of bearing unheard of weights. Then I remembered that the modern habit is to treat things in inverse ratio to their importance, and I knew that it was all about a card game. The most important thing about the business to my mind is that the two women players concerned have lovely hands.

"The Rubber Problem" next caught the eye. My newly acquired comprehension thought bridge was still the topic; but no, one of our chief national interests was under discussion, so confusing is our present-day vocabulary.

Anyhow, we've got Sophie Tucker back again and *she* won't be mixed up with anyone else.

Have you heard about the new hats? A close-up reveals an even larger area of forehead than hitherto; faces are worn this year. One advertisement gave me some pleasure; giving "soft width to the face" was the caption. Don't you know a few people whose "soft width" already suffices? However, for your guidance: to be modish your hat should be haphazard; subdivisions of the class are the haggard and the happy, according to age and inclination.

\* \*

Signs of re-animation are already showing themselves here in London. Toby's Club

is in full swing once more with numbers of new improvements, and the Embassy's welcoming doors are open, after their usual close season during the holiday weeks. The place was not exactly full to overflowing when I lunched there one day last week, but there was, at least, a gathering of more or less interesting and amusing people. At one table I saw Mr. Vyryan Drury with his pretty wife, and Mrs. Glen Kidston and Princess George Imeretinsky. Mr. Drury told me that his step-mother, who is now back home in the States, was very seriously ill, and that it was doubtful if she would come over with his father for her usual visit this year. Opposite to them were a party consisting of Commander Glen Kidston, Mr. Babe Barnato, and a bevy of lovely ladies. Miss Mala Brand was in the Club too, hatless, as usual, and also, as usual, accompanied by her attractive chow Tiger. Miss Fanny Ward, young as ever, was in a blue which matched her electric spirit.



AT MEADOWBROOK L.I.: MISS BETTY NUTHALL AND MR. HUNTER MILLER

At the first of the International polo matches at Meadowbrook. Miss Betty Nuthall did her bit for England by winning the American Women's Singles Championship, but at polo and yacht-racing we have not been so fortunate

\* \*

Across the road to Tooth's Galleries, I went to see Serge Lifar's exhibition of pictures. The collection is not only interesting because it belongs to such a well-known and interesting person as this young Russian dancer, and is made up of works of all the best known of the modern decorative artists; but because it forms such a record of the later days of the Russian Ballet.

The preface to the catalogue will describe it so much better than I can, being composed, as it is, of three parts, contributed severally by the three members of the Sitwell family.

If I had been given my choice of all the things there I should, I think, have picked out first "The Acrobats," by Paul Tchelitchev, and then the two designs for the *décor* of "Le Fils Prodigue," by Georges Roualt. The big portrait of Lifar himself seemed to me to be altogether too massive and too static to suggest anyone whose grace is at once so mercurial and statuesque.

It made one very sad to think that there is no Ballet to look forward to, at least for the present.

(Continued on p. 564)



ALSO IN THE U.S.A.: THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF MAR AND KELLIE

A snapshot aboard the "Aquitania" when they arrived in New York. Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie were amongst the large number of people who went to America to see the International polo matches



## THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

Another light in the same of Anton Dolin, was Galleries. And a group of other ballet enthusiasts included Lady Juliet Duff and Miss Olga Lynn, the Austen Chamberlains and their daughter, Lady Fitzherbert, just home from France, Mr. Constant Lambert, and Miss Beatrice Lillie. Mr. Georges Metaxa was there, too. I have just been hearing his last new record, "The Moon is Low." This is due to come out about the middle of next month, and I think it is as good as anything he has done.

Although gazing at exhibits of any sort is the most exhausting entertainment possible, quite undaunted I then moved on to the Art Direction Gallery, there to survey the skill of Mr. Hugh Gee. Great ingenuity and imagination are evident in the models of film and stage sets shown. I love things in miniature, don't you? And shall certainly go and look at the ideas, when materialized, which this young man has about nurseries, dining-rooms, bedrooms, and bathrooms. The chief difficulty with a creative spirit seems to be the trouble of sorting out the sequence in which new notions shall appear. However, the above is the rotation of crops which Mr. Gee's fertile mind proposes to produce.

He and his associates take on anything in the decorative line, and with his models show you beforehand what it is all going to look like. He was with Basil Dean for some time, and was art director at Elstree for four years, doing both *Atlantic* and the *W Plan*. He makes all his models himself with the simplest apparatus, in a very short time, and it all looked so easy that I came away fired with the desire to see what I could do with a fret saw, a few bits of wood and paint, and some coloured gelatine. I liked specially his room for the Chinese thinker, and his new arrangement for the garden scene in *Twelfth Night*.

Festoons of lilies, huge sheaves of pink and white gladioli helped Miss Monica Salisbury to forget the rain which fell when she married Mr. Leonard Norris last week. The galaxy of pink roses carried by the bridesmaids gave a very good imitation of summer, and did a lot to brighten the interior of St. Mark's, North Audley Street. Mr. Frank Salisbury, the artist and the bride's father, should be getting quite adept at the "giving away" process, Mrs. Douglas Crichton, his other twin daughter having been married last July. With the lovely studio in Avenue Road available for wedding receptions, any amount of marriages would be welcomed by the friends of

the family, for it makes the most ideal background for presents, and allows unusual space. Unexpected entertainment was

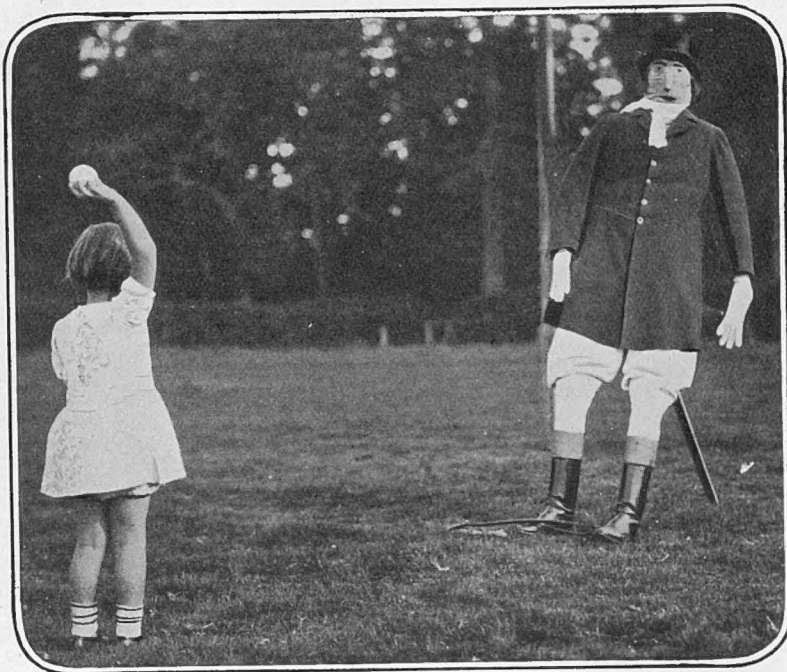
supplied by pictures taken at the Douglas Crichton's wedding, during this reception. Sir John and Lady Martin-Harvey, General Sir Hubert and Lady Gough and Lady Southwark were a few of the film fans; as a climax, the bride and bridegroom went off with a bang on the first stage of their journey to Juan-les-Pins. The reason was that fire-works had been fixed to the back of their motor-car, and explosions of the most alarming nature accompanied them.

Another private film production took place when the Arthur Verneys gave a party at Claridge's a few nights ago. For dinner the guests sat at four tables, and afterwards the host showed us the film which was taken during his recent trip to Africa, when he and several of his friends motored across the Kalahari Desert. There were all kinds of exciting shots of arid wastes and fertile

oases and of strange animals being captured by the party. And of the rare finding of water, which was then put into every available kind of vessel, including empty ostrich eggs. Mrs. Du Pre, Lord Gerald Wellesley, and the Lionel Guests, who are just back after a motor tour through the Dolomites, were there.

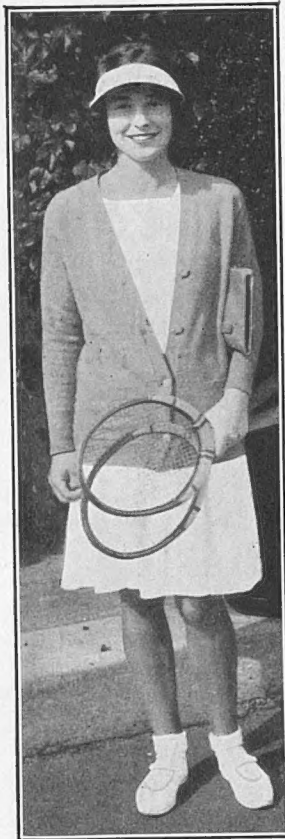
The Oban Gathering was as good as ever, according to my newsmonger in that region. Men have such a tremendous pull when they can wear Highland dress in their natural surroundings that women have to be content to look drab for once; it's useless to try and compete with the creatures. The exiled King and Queen of Greece came with Mrs. Murray Guthrie from Torosay in Mull. Lord and Lady Scone, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Madden, and the Bishop of Argyll were closely observing the feats of skill.

Of course there were balls for evening entertainment; Lady Massereene wore white both nights with tremendous effect. A new idea was her toque-like silver head-dress, a great change after years of quite bare heads. Lady Noble of Ardinglas wore one too, hers being diamond ivy leaves on an emerald ground. Miss "Buster" Houston of Finlayston was one of the most charming debutantes, and Mrs. A. C. MacDiarmid had a lovely grey dress which evidently won much approval. Many more people deserve a word, but considering the dazzling supply submitted the difficulties of deciding who to choose are too great for your loving, EVE.



ILL-USING THE M.F.H.

June Hargreaves behaving very badly to the Master at the Taunton Vale Hunt Gymkhana at Jordans, Ilminster, Lieut.-Colonel Speke's, the senior master's, house. The other master is Lord Portman



Stuart

MISS PAT BRAZIER

Who won the Girls' Singles championship at Wimbledon last week, beating Miss Joan Saunders. Miss Brazier is only sixteen years old



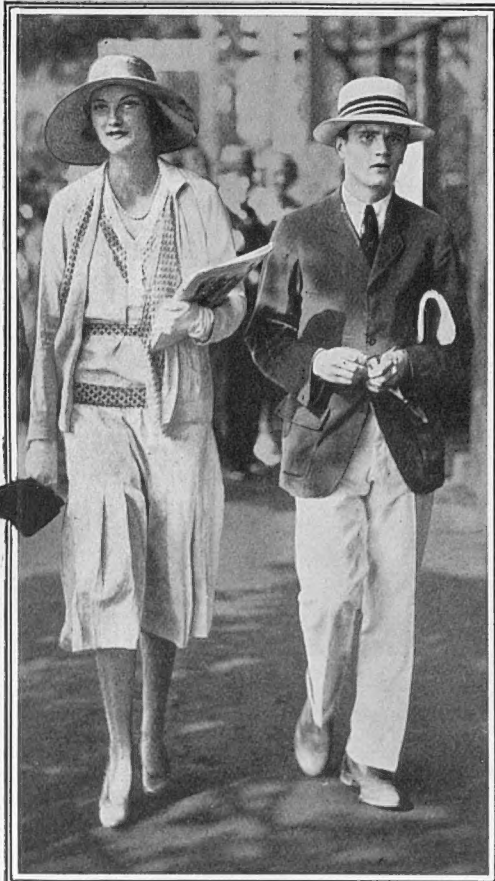
Stuart

DOUGLAS FRESHWATER

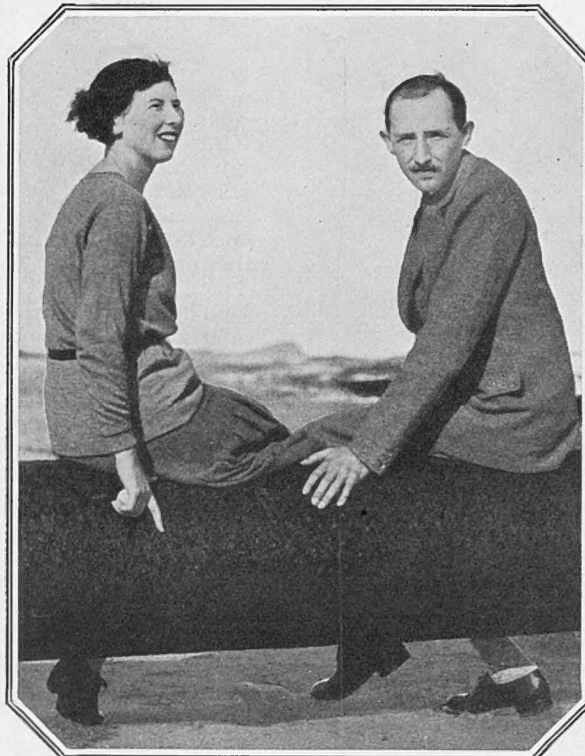
England's junior lawn tennis champion who beat F. Moss of Charterhouse last week at Wimbledon. He hails from U.C.S. and is the son of a Harley Street specialist



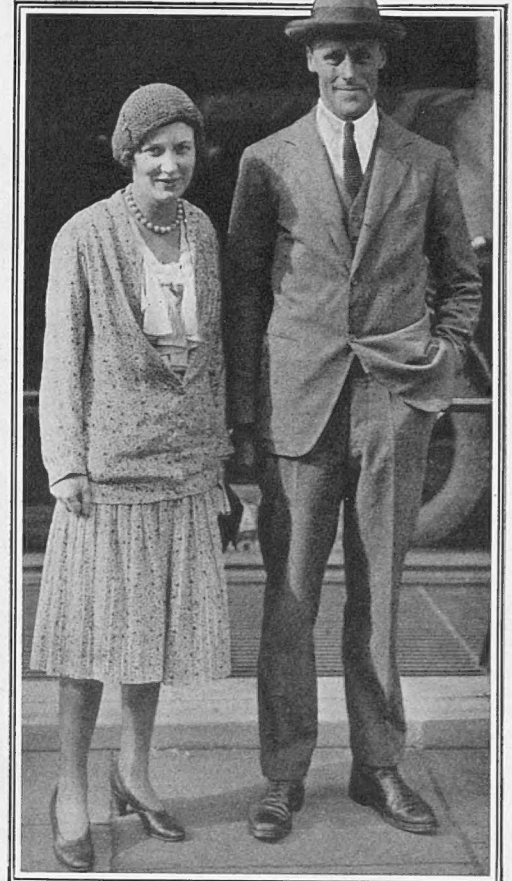
## A WIDELY-CAST NET



AT THE POLO AT MEADOWBROOK: MISS DORIS DUKE AND A FRIEND



AT NORTH BERWICK: MISS EVELYN GRAHAME AND MR. JOHN GOTT



ENGAGED: THE MARQUESS OF WATERFORD AND MISS MARGARET LINDSAY



AT THE INVERNESS GATHERY: LORD AND LADY LEVEN AND MELVILLE AND (centre) MISS VICKERS



MRS. ELINOR GLYN



THE ABERGAVENNY HORSE SHOW IN WALES: MAJOR AND LADY MARY HERBERT

The pictures on this page come from almost every point of the compass: as for instance Miss Doris Duke, who is said to be the richest girl in the world and is the daughter of Mrs. James B. Duke, was at Meadowbrook for the International polo earlier in this month; Miss Evelyn Grahame, who is a daughter of Colonel and Mrs. George Grahame of Overglenny, Perthshire, and North Berwick, and Mr. John Gott, who is a nephew of Colonel and Lady Evelyn Collins, who are engaged, were at North Berwick. The Marquess of Waterford and his fiancée, who are to be married shortly, were in London. Miss Lindsay is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Lindsay. Lord and Lady Leven and Melville and Miss Vickers, who is a sister of Lady Cawdor, were at Inverness at the Northern Gathering; Mrs. Elinor Glyn, the famous authoress, was at Lady Helena Rous' wedding at St. Martin-in-the-Field's to Major Douglas Beresford-Ash; and Major and Lady Mary Herbert, who is a daughter of Lord and Lady Ilchester, were at the Abergavenny Horse Show, where Major Jack Herbert was very much in the money with some of his hunters





"THE CHINESE BUNGALOW": MR. MATHESON LANG  
AND MISS JILL ESMOND MOORE

In the film version of the thriller which was at the Duke of York's in 1929, and which has just been completed at the Elstree Studios. Mr. Matheson Lang plays his original part of the villainous Chinaman, Yuan Sing, married to an English wife. Miss Jill Esmond Moore is the wife, a part Miss Marjorie Mars played in the original stage version

THE ways of film-producers are exorbitant. By which I mean that they pursue an orbit which anybody in other walks of life would shun like the devil. Some little time ago a Leading Light from Elstree or Some Such Place invited me to lunch at, if I remember rightly, Zabaglione's. It was a beautiful lunch; no prawns could have been pinker nor trout more blue; the vulgarity of champagne was eschewed, and the meal was graced with the full nobility of hock. "Frankly," wrote this film director, "I have a purpose in asking you to lunch. I want you to suggest some world-famous book which has not yet been filmed." I went to that luncheon with my mind full of "Westward Ho! England under Drake or thereabouts, the virgin South American forests, the no less virginal Ayacanora as who should say Miss Isobel Elsom with a coating of walnut juice, the manly Amyas Leigh who might or might not be Mr. Godfrey Tearle, his brother Eustace who might be made something of or possibly much of by Mr. Ernest Thesiger, their common mother Mrs. Leigh who could hardly be anybody except Miss Marie Ault—there surely was something with which to pay for my lunch. But does the reader think that I could get the film-director to listen? No! The film-director had just read about Charles II hiding in an oak and was passionately determined that his picture should be about the Restoration. And throughout the whole of that meal I had to listen to glowing accounts of the picture from which no power on earth could have turned the director. "What are you going to call it?" I asked, because after all I had to say something. "A Highland Rose," he replied simply. "Yes?" I said. "Yes," he replied. "I am showing Bonnie Mary of Argyll presenting a rose to Charles after the Massacre of Glencoe!" Film-directors are like that.

The latest notion is to make a talkie out of Tom Robertson's *Caste*. In fact this picture is made, and by the time these lines appear in print I shall have been bidden to the private view to which, however, I shall not have gone. I am informed that the adaptation "retains the original business, and also T. W. Robertson's own phrasing, as far as exigencies of talkie technique allow." Then follows this sentence: "The period has been adapted to 1914-1915." What next?—I wonder. Why not show Florence Nightingale wending her lamp-lit way along

# The Cinema

By JAMES AGATE

## An Objection

the front-line trenches to the sound of whizz-bangs? Why not Grace Darling setting out in a motor-boat? Why not Disraeli in plus-fours? Why not King Alfred with an electric-cooker? The whole point about *Caste* is that it synchronized with and was a satire upon the first beginnings of the Socialist movement. But that movement has gone on, and satire to be effective must keep pace with it. The agitator of to-day bears no sort of relationship to the old ruffian about to rob the baby in its cradle and delivering himself of the delicious justification: "Shall this mindless wretch enjoy himself, while sleeping, with a jewelled gaud, and his poor old grandfather want the price of half a pint?" Can anybody believe in any private or guardsman, trooper, or bombardier, of 1914 delivering himself of Sam Gerridge's: "People should stick to their own class. Life's a railway journey and Mankind's a passenger—first class, second class, third class. Any person riding in a superior class to that for which he has taken his ticket will be removed at the first station stopped at, according to the bye-laws of the company?"

Can anybody imagine the extremely smart typist or manicurist of to-day, or even of fifteen years ago, sitting down to write: "Mrs. Samuel Gerridge presents her compliments to Miss Susan Smith, and Mrs. Samuel Gerridge requests the favour of Miss Susan Smith's company to tea on Tuesday evening next at Mrs. Samuel Gerridge's house?" Is it conceivable that any great lady of 1914 saying goodbye to the Second Lieutenant who is her son could say: "It is easier to fight a furious man than to forego the conquest of a lovesick girl. A thousand Germans slain in battle cannot redeem the honour of a man who has betrayed the confidence of a trusting woman. Think, George, what dishonour, what stain upon your manhood, to hurl a girl to shame and degradation! And what excuse for it? That she is plebeian? A man of real honour will spare the woman who has confessed her love for him, as he would give quarter to an enemy he had disarmed. Let my boy avoid the snares so artfully spread; and when he asks his mother to welcome the woman he has chosen for his wife, let me take her to my arms and implant a motherly kiss upon the white brow of a lady?" What makes this passage so right in the original is that where I have written "Germans" Robertson has written "Sepoys." And what munition-worker would be capable of this: "My brave, gallant, handsome husband! My lion and my love! Oh! to be a soldier, and to fight the wretches who destroyed him, who took my darling from me! To gallop miles upon their upturned faces!" It seems to me that if the time of the play is to be altered the whole of Tom Robertson's "own phrasing" will have to go by the board. It may be said that to criticize a film which I have not seen is supremely unfair. It is. And I make no bones about saying that it is. I am just not going to see it. I have the greatest respect for United Artists Corporation, Ltd., but I tell them with the greatest respect that if it occurs to them to make a talkie out of Shakespeare's *Henry V*, bringing it up to the year 1914, again I shall not be there. I do not believe that even in 1914 a corps-leader could be found to wave the troops once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more. And I believe that if he had so waved them he would have got the bird! My view is that there is every reason for filming *Caste* so long as you keep the date at 1867. The moment you change the date the whole genius and essence of the play must vanish.

At the time of writing Lon Chaney, whose death at the height of his splendid powers has just occurred, is to be seen at something very near his best in *The Unholy Tree* at the Empire. With respect to this film I cannot pretend to improve upon the expressed judgment of my eminent colleague, Mr. Sydney Carroll, who when he is right is very, very right, and who says: "It is a triumph, not of art, but of ghoulissh entertainment. It is sordid, shocking, calculated to scare the nervous stiff; it reeks of bloodshed and crime, monstrosities, and abnormalities of flesh and mind; it has in it a giant and a dwarf and a huge and savage gorilla; it strays from a curiosity and freak museum into a bird and monkey store, and from there into the city's wealthiest centre, the forest's wildest glade, and finally, the criminal court and the prison. As a cyclorama of thrills it is undeniably entertaining." No normal, sensible person could ask for more!

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xxviii



# SCOTTISH DERBY DAY AT AYR



MR. YORKE, MRS. FIELDEN, AND  
MR. CAULKINS



LORD INVERCLYDE, MISS MUIR, AND  
MISS LEACH



LADY ANGELA SCOTT AND MISS SCHREINER



MRS. EUAN WALLACE



LADY DE TRAFFORD AND MR. COTTRILL

Even though the three-year-olds competing in the Scottish Derby were not exactly all of the top drawer, the finish between the winner, Mr. H. R. Armitage's Jean Gordon, and Lord Derby's Knight of Lorn was a rousing one, and redeemed any other short-comings there may have been. The gallery was a good one and the racing north, and a goodly sprinkling of mere Sassenachs was on the premises. Lord Inverclyde, who married the beautiful Miss "June" Howard-Tripp, came on from Castle Wemyss, and Lady Angela Scott, the youngest of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch's daughters, came up northward, as did Mrs. Euan Wallace, who was formerly Miss Barbara Lutyens, and Lady de Trafford, the wife of Sir Humphrey de Trafford, who is seen with Mr. Harry Cottrill, the famous trainer



# RACING RAGOUT

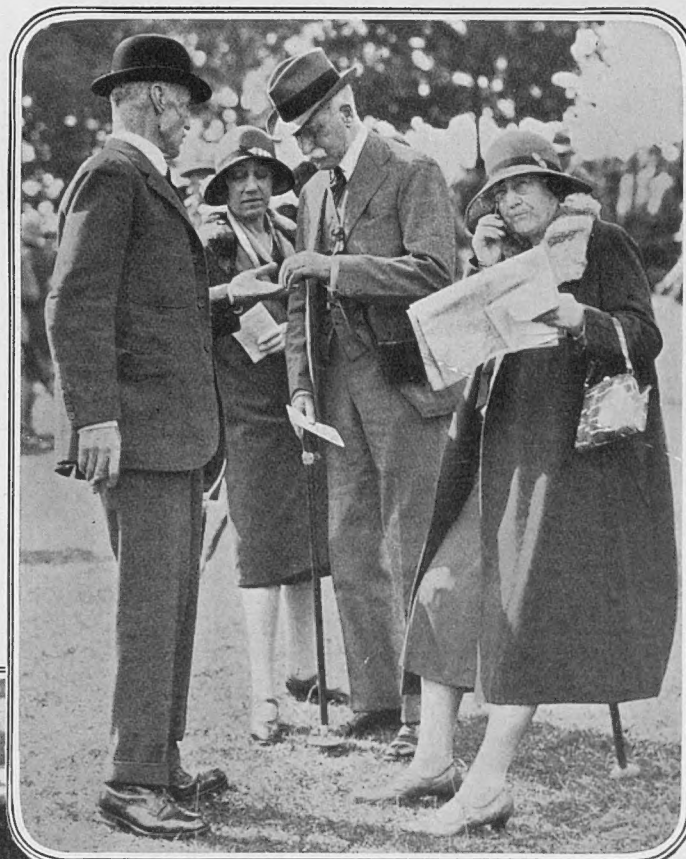
By "GUARDRAIL"

"JOBING backwards," as they say in the City, Doncaster should have been a record wonderful meeting for backers and probably was so for a great many. Fuzzy Wuzzy and Canfield in selling races, Pisa, Lampeto, Singapore, and Brown Jack—one ought never to need to work again. The Thursday was the most poisonous day to be out of doors since Ascot Wednesday. Rain came down in stair-rops and the only shelter on the far side of the course was under the bookmakers' umbrellas, a form of protection not provided by the Tote.

Sir William Cooke used at one time to own some more than useful horses but his luck in that direction seems to have forsaken him, but he makes the most of the material to hand by having a good crack at the ring in a selling race. Ulster Queen was one of these coups which materialized, and from 100 to 6 was backed down to favouritism. Lady A—ton claims on this race to have got no less than five points over the starting price odds from one of the many representatives of one of our best known firms of bookmakers. The matter has been reported to Mr. H. M. Bateman for immortalization in company with the man who bid half-a-guinea at Tattersalls. Old Oak Ridge covered himself with glory in the Portland Handicap even though he couldn't win it, but the Cundell ménage got it back with interest on the next race, the Alexandra handicap, which they won with the well-backed Noble Star after a dead heat and objections on both sides.

The stewards examined Noble Star, and finding he had a whip mark across his face awarded him the race, but in the meanwhile the gentleman with the whiskey voice who, unasked, shouts the numbers of the runners (generally a few minutes after they are on the board), proclaimed that he had been disqualified. This worthy has no official status, and depends on the blackmail of precedent for what he can collect, yet several bookmakers paid out on Sans Espoir on his unsupported word, and a good deal of unpleasantness occurred over the settling in consequence. The stewards also took the opportunity during the meeting of exercising the right of examination of the saliva of the first three horses home in one race, a procedure which, coming as it does unexpectedly, is all for the good of racing, and shows that the stewards are taking an active interest. This active and intelligent interest cannot always be relied on at the smaller meetings, as in the case of the gentleman not long ago who objected on a flagrant case of boring. Consternation reigned, and it was some time before the stewards consisting of the local magnates could be collected. One, a martyr to G.P.I., had to be carried in by his butler, and one was too busy hedging his bets on the objection to respond at once, while the short-sighted one turned up but could hear but poorly. The objection was at once over-ruled and the deposit estreated, a course which left no option to the aggrieved one but to put down 170 teas to the stewards in their tea-room book as a slight effect to what he honestly considered a gross miscarriage of justice.

On the Friday, to compete with the mud, the rings and paddock were as deep in straw as the courtyard of a maternity



AT FONTWELL 'CHASES

Sir Horace and Lady McMahon and Colonel and Mrs. Kenyon Mitford in the paddock at this early-on jumping meeting in Sussex. Sir Horace McMahon is the fifth baronet and at one time commanded a battalion of the Royal Welch Fusiliers



THE HON. MRS. CYRIL ASQUITH (AND SON AT TOP) AND THE HON. LADY POLLOCK

Another bag by the camera at Fontwell 'chases. Mrs. Cyril Asquith is a daughter of Sir Adrian Pollock. The Hon. Lady Pollock, her mother, is a daughter of the first Lord Selby

home, and before it got sodden one wonders what would have happened had a match been dropped on the windward side of it. The going was holding to a degree and yet for the most part well-fancied horses won. Lord Glanely won two more races to round off what must have been a wonderful meeting for him, and Brown Jack won the Cup. With nothing to beat and never better in his life it is difficult to understand the hostility of the ring, who even laid slight odds against him. The issue was never for a second in doubt, and hardly a man on the course but would have been sorry in his heart of hearts if the gallant old fellow had been beaten. At the same time this race was so obviously won by superior stamina and not by any burst of finishing speed that one cannot see him quite winning a Cesarewitch. With his hunting weight he must be waited with and then he cannot compete for speed with something to which he is giving a couple of stone odd. Friendship would seem the most genuine proposition for this race at the moment with old Brown Jack for a place only.

"Ally Pally" on the Saturday was not as good a getting-out performance as usual and the incessant rain made it a very moderate way of spending the afternoon. De Mestre has not had a fraction of luck lately and for the second time in a week he ran second at 100 to 6, oddly enough beating a favourite of Wootton's on both occasions.





Ian Smith

## THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ROSEBERY'S HOUSE PARTY AT DALMENY

A group taken on the steps of Dalmeny House, Edinburgh, when H.R.H. Princess Mary, Countess of Harewood, and the Earl of Harewood were the guests of the Earl and Countess of Rosebery. The names, left to right, are: Back row—Lord Dalmeny, Lord Rosebery, Lord Haddington, and Miss Clayton; second row—Major Milner, Major Murray-Graham, Lady Digby, the Hon. Lavinia Strutt, Lord Harewood, Lord Digby, Mrs. Murray-Graham, Lady Haddington, and the Hon. Michael Strutt; sitting—H.R.H. Princess Mary, Countess of Harewood, and Lady Rosebery



IN WICKLOW: THE COUNTESS OF MEATH AND LADY MAUREEN BRABAZON



THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF BECTIVE

Photographs by Vyvyan Poole, Dublin  
AT MOORE ABBEY, KILDARE: MISS GWEN MCCORMACK

During the visit of H.R.H. Princess Mary, Countess of Harewood, and the Earl of Harewood to the Earl and Countess of Rosebery at Dalmeny, they went to the Edinburgh meeting at Musselburgh and some more snapshots appear in another page. The group at Dalmeny contains two actual M.F.H.s, Lord Rosebery (Whaddon) and Lord Harewood (Bramham), and one ex-Master, Lord Digby (Cattistock). The Hon. Lavinia and the Hon. Michael Strutt are Lady Rosebery's children by her first marriage. Lord and Lady Bective were staying with Lord Bective's father and mother, the Marquess and Marchioness of Headfort, at Headfort House, Meath. Lady Bective was the widow of Sir Rupert Clarke. Lady Maureen Brabazon, who is Lord and Lady Meath's elder daughter, has only just properly recovered from a bad fall she got hunting with the Limerick. The picture was taken at Lord Meath's Wicklow seat, Kilruddery. Miss Gwen McCormack is the only daughter of Count McCormack, the famous singer, and the Countess McCormack. He bought Moore Abbey from Lord Drogheda



# With Silent Friends : By RICHARD KING.

## People in Books.

THE majority of people are really not very interested in extraordinary characters. Having discovered how very extraordinary they are, they feel they have nothing in common with them. And a person with whom we have nothing in common necessarily speaks another language. And



MR. E. F. BENSON

The author of that clever and entertaining book of Victorian reminiscences, "As We Were," which has been published quite recently by Longmans. As the world knows Mr. Benson's very first book was "Dodo," 1893, in which the central figure was someone who is still very much with us. Mr. Benson's work just before "As We Were" was "Paying Guests"

is there anything more conducive to dumbness than that? The people most of us like to know and to read about are the people who are very like we ourselves are, people who have to face the same problems and try to solve them in much the same kind of way. If you notice, the novels which retain their popularity longest are generally novels about people so little removed from the common level that you would pass them in the street without

remark, and even live with them without realizing that there is anything to write about in their connection. It is the fault of young novelists, I suppose, always to strain at the unusual until it becomes duller than the obvious. Which is the reason why their novels, which may create a sensation for a season, are generally forgotten inside a twelvemonth and bore a later generation of readers exceedingly should they happen to pick them up to read them on the strength of their now faded reputation. One can read "Cranford" twenty times over, whereas one can't get through the year's best-seller more than once. Jane Austen had no story to tell us which was alone worth telling, yet she let us into a world of people more or less like ourselves and the people we know, which still remains an ever-open escape from the worries of this world and the tedious busybodies who invariably seem to have congregated in our small part of it. Dickens has the same ineffable charm, only threadbare in parts to-day, when he too deliberately tried to make his characters stand out either as humorists or as sob-diviners. The majority of people like to feel at home with the people they meet either in books or at a bean-feast. I sometimes think that the great fear of death is the dread of finding ourselves in a situation for which we have had no preparation. It is this appeal to the common heart, I suppose, which makes lyrics the most popular form of poetry and Queen Victoria's toys a more popular exhibit than the royal regalia.

## Two Absorbing Worlds.

TWO novels have introduced me into two absorbing worlds this week; the one a delightful, pleasant, almost familiar world, the other a world of meanness and lust and greed which nevertheless was fascinating because the author had made it all seem curiously real. The two books are Mr. J. B. Priestley's "Angel Pavement" (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.), the other, Mr.

Caradoc Evans' "Nothing to Pay" (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.). You could write the plot of each of them in a few lines. "Angel Pavement" is the story of a middle-aged man who lands in London from nowhere, takes on the directorship of a small business dealing in wood-veneer and inlay, and after gingering it up surprisingly, leaves it astonishingly bankrupt. "Nothing to Pay" is about a mean Welsh boy whose life-urge is composed entirely of greed and lust, and how he reaches his financial and fleshy ambition by sheer force of this urge. But you won't read either of these novels for their story entirely. Their plots have no suspense in the way that the stories of Edgar Wallace get read by the kind of readers who can only read his novels for this suspense alone. The thrill of "Angel Pavement" and "Nothing to Pay" is the thrill of finding oneself in a world which, in spite of a few minor mistakes, is a real world; not merely the world of the average novel over which you can see at every instant the hand of the writer hard at work. Caradoc Evans introduces us to a set of people who have scarcely one decent emotion between them. They are so deliberately horrid, in fact, that in the mass you simply don't believe in them, although doubtless they may be found scattered about here and there in Wales where the story is laid, or, for that matter, in any other country as well. It is a pity, however, that Mr. Evans regards his fellow-countrymen with such a jaundiced eye. There is a bitterness even in his humour, which makes all of his novels, now that we recognize his point of view, somewhat "rough" reading. One can forgive his hero, Amos Morgan, being the mean, dirty little skunk he is, but that everyone else should exhibit their own version of this meanness and dirtiness and moral hypocrisy leaves an impression of general nastiness which tells us really nothing of real life or real character, like a world peopled entirely by unpleasant exceptions. But in real life unpleasantness is not the general rule, however little-to-be-conceited-about that rule may be. Yet, strangely enough, a queer atmosphere of truthfulness emerges from all this deliberate gloom. You hate his characters (Mr. Evans seems to demand this hatred of you), but in their paltriness, their meanness, and their low cunning they do convince you they are real men and women so far as their creator allows you to know them. Therefore the impression left by the book is an impression of sheer ugliness yet curiously tinged by a kind of frustrated beauty. But the ugliness has power. "Nothing to Pay" is a story you will probably hate, yet almost certainly remember.

## Thoughts from "Nothing to Pay."

"A lie is only a lie when it sounds a lie."

"The only things that bring ineffable contentment are those for which there is nothing to pay; all others breed regrets."

"The deed of a drunken man and the wounds of an abandoned mistress are beyond God's repair."

"In all life's nooks there is no creature more cruel and callous than the lady who goes shopping."

"You will never find Miss Happiness by running after her, because she is always with you. God give you eyes to see her."

(Continued on p. 572)



Raphael

BARON GEORG FRANKENSTEIN

Who this month completes ten years' service as Austrian Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Baron Frankenstein has been one of the most popular members of the Corps Diplomatique and also has been a very familiar figure in literary, musical, and art circles in London



## PUTTING THE LID ON IT!

By George Belcher



She: 'Ow do you like me new 'at, Tom?

He: It's orlright, Maria, but it seems to make yer face look a bit shabby



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

## Some More "Good Companions."

As for "Angel Pavement," Mr. Priestley might have given it the sub-title of "More Good Companions," so fond one becomes of every single one of the characters, such absorbingly good company are they. Mr. Priestley is the High Priest and Champion of the very ordinary "pusson" who, in spite of what we ourselves may believe, is often you and I. Mr. Golspie, the man who, coming from nowhere on page 1, disappears into symbolical nothingness on page 613, leaving a trail of disruption in the lives of those who worked for Messrs. Twigg and Dersingham of 8, Angel Pavement, behind him, is anything but an ordinary man perhaps; yet everyone else you could find duplicated in their thousands, in London especially and elsewhere as well. Who, for example, has not known Mr. Smeeth, who never can get beyond a certain obscure point in life and lives in dread that the time will come when he will not be able even to hang on to that point? Or Miss Matfield, the lady-typist who lives in a women's hostel and is handicapped in her search for something-to-happen, something *different*, because as well as being a typist she was also born a lady? Or Turgis, the spotty-faced clerk, always haunted by the vision of a beautiful "gurl" who will be his and his alone—only, alas! he has got no "way with him" in regard to "gurls," except in his imagination; and, in any case, "gurls" always seem to go about in twos in his world, or are lying back comfortably in the embrace of another fellow? Or Stanley, the office boy, whose life is one long "shuddering" of unsuspecting people? Or . . . well, with the exception of plain and rather dirty-looking Miss Sellers, the junior typist, whose conception of her decorative rôle in life is that of an Eastern vamp? Those comprise the whole of the office staff (apart from Mr. Dersingham himself), with whom alone the story deals. They are enough. True, that rather vague and somewhat unreal figure who is Miss Golspie, flits into the life of Turgis, but Mr. Priestley concentrates otherwise almost entirely on the Dersingham employees. We ask for nothing more, or for anything better. The Smeeth family alone is a joy, and so typically a cockney household of the better class that it would make "Angel Pavement" a book of sheer entertainment apart from anything else. But we also have the inimitable description of the Burpenfield Club, where Miss Matfield lives with other working ladies; the private and spiritual life of Turgis; one unforgettable picture of Mr. and Mrs. Dersingham entertaining the burly and boisterous Mr. Golspie to dinner, and a host of other perfect miniatures of London life—shrewd, humorous, yet kindly. So real does Mr. Priestley make his characters and as a rule so true is he to the kind of life they would lead in actual life, that almost as soon as you have met them you cannot believe they were merely fiction. You become so amused by them, so absorbed in their destiny, so loath to part with them on the last page, that I can think of no other novel of the moment which so successfully transplants you into another and delightful world; a world, moreover, which has all the charm of being the kind of world you know intimately without, so to speak, also having the bother of it. It is a long novel, a very long novel, but the effect is almost disappointingly brief. You would like to go on and on. You want to

know what became of Mr. and Mrs. Smeeth after the firm for whom Mr. Smeeth worked became bankrupt; what happened to the Turgis and Miss Seller, even Stanley, the "shadderer," and to Miss Matfield, who dreaded so greatly that if nothing happened to her she would at last degenerate into one of those faded spinsters of determined brightness who seem to spend their spare time filling their kettles and hot-water bottles, and always in a turmoil about nothing. Briefly, you immediately demand a sequel. And I can imagine no greater compliment to pay any novel than that, can you?

## Queer Notions.

When Madame Karén Bramson sat down to write her new novel, "Men" (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.), she apparently desired to give the world her ideas of the Great War's origin as well as the way it was prosecuted—both in the guise of a romance. Unfortunately, with the best intentions in the world, one has to confess that her ideas are rather childish and crude, while what romance there is in the book is robbed of its glamour by her insufferable hero, Erik. Erik spent the early years of his life in the West Indies, where apparently until

the eve of the Great War slavery still continued unhampered! As a very young man he comes to England, writes a book which causes something of a sensation, and is taken up by a newspaper peer who sends him out as special European correspondent for one of his more influential "rags." This was just before the War; but Erik realized immediately that War was inevitable, so gripped was Europe by hatred as by one "consuming disease." His prophetic survey is not, however, confined to Europe alone. Our Colonies, he asserts, are merely farms attached to a big estate. "They work for their employer, and the employer is

seldom popular." War being declared, Erik joins the French forces and is wounded at the Battle of the Marne; though, according to the writer of this book, fighting had already become a matter of entrenchments behind miles and miles of barbed wire with the dead and dying lying thickly over No Man's Land, descriptions which will certainly surprise those who fought at the very beginning. However, Madame Bramson's history and chronology are rarely to be relied upon. When one realizes this one forgives her for making real people, like Lenin and the Kaiser, talk in the accepted melodramatics of villains. But then according to her, the War was really a war between big banking concerns, steel, and oil trusts. "They let the War begin when the moment was favourable for their speculations, and they allowed the peace when the War had given them what they wanted." So now we do know, don't we? But considered as a vehicle for political discussion around contemporary European problems this is rather a silly book. The writer is happier on the whole with her love affair between Erik and Vera Burnington, whom however he deserts for a political career which he only abandons when he hears of her death, and is seized with a posthumous fit of remorse. Yet, even in a romance with such a hero as Erik, it would have been difficult to feel much interest. He is really rather a boresome young man.

We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of "The Friends of the Poor" on p. xxiv of this issue



Victorienne: How sweet of you to back that horse in the 3.30, because it had the same name as mine

Hugo: It had the same habits as well; it got there half-an-hour late!

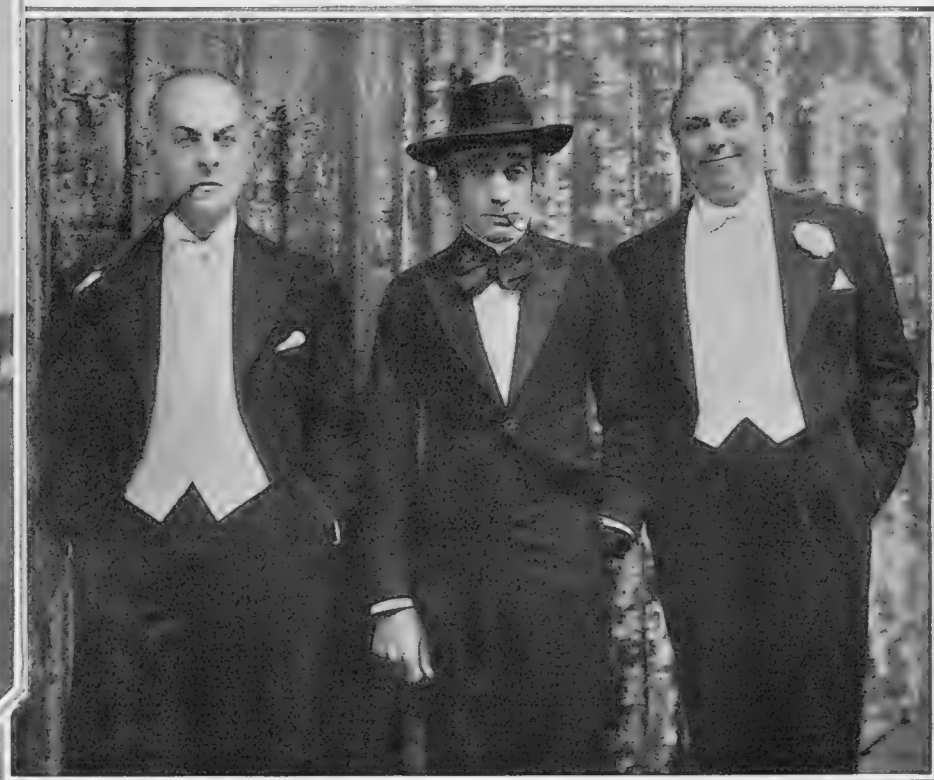


# CHARLOT'S MERRY MASQUERADE

At the Cambridge Theatre



MISS BEATRICE LILLIE IN "LADY CLARA"



MR. HENRY KENDALL AS EDGAR W . . . MR. J. H. ROBERTS AS HANNEN S . . . AND MR. REGINALD SMITH AS C. B. C.



MR. QUENTIN TOD AS LADY TREE IN THE "SKATING SHOES" SKETCH



"GOOD STAFF WORK": MISS FLORENCE DESMOND (VERA), MR. HENRY KENDALL (JIM), AND MISS CONSTANCE CARPENTER (WEST)

Stage Photo Co.

It is not everyday that the theatre-goer is in sufficient luck to strike a beautiful new theatre and a beautiful new show in intimate conjunction, but in the newly-completed Cambridge of Seven Dials and "Charlot's Masquerade" it has been most brilliantly accomplished. The theatre is a thoroughly worthy frame for so good a show. Mr. Ronald Jeans, Mr. Quentin Tod, and their fellow authors have delivered the goods, and the talented people to whom they have been delivered have put them in the shop window in a most attractive form. Even if there were no one else in the cast but the quite inimitable Beatrice Lillie it would be a success; but there are caricatures and the letterpress in the "Passing Shows" pages which tell anyone who is interested all the details, and the sketch, "Good Staff Work" in which Miss Florence Desmond, Mr. Henry Kendall, and Miss Constance Carpenter are so amusing tells its own tragic story in even this one picture





"THE TATLER" PILOTS A NEW ADVERTISING SERVICE

The Hon. Lo Russell, assistant advertisement manager of "The Tatler," is here seen at Whitley Abbey Aerodrome, Coventry, with Mr. W. G. McMinnies, publicity manager of Messrs. Armstrong-Siddeley Motors, Ltd., with whom he is discussing details of an important advertisement contract for this journal. Mr. Russell learnt to fly in order that "The Tatler" might be the first newspaper to use an aeroplane as a means of rendering a better and more expeditious service to advertisers. Mr. Russell's aeroplane is a Gypsy Moth, purchased from the de Havilland Aircraft Company, Ltd., and which has now been christened "The Tatler"

"N. or M."

MR. NORMAN and Mr. Muntz are the "N." and "M." of the aeronautical catechism, and they maintained their reputation for combined efficiency and originality in the first night-flying demonstration which they organized at the Heston Air Park. Everything was done well including such minor details as the braziers with glowing red coals that were set out on the concrete apron in front of the control buildings and around which clustered the spectators; true night-watchmen in all but clay pipes and corduroys. The flying arrangements were on the lines that would be chosen by anyone wishing to make night-flying safe, and were, therefore, in defiance of the Air Navigation regulations. The flares, for instance, were set out, as they used to be in the Royal Flying Corps and still are in the Royal Air Force, in the form of an L. The aircraft lands downwards alongside the upright of the L towards its horizontal foot. The Air Navigation regulations provide for an isosceles triangle of three lights, the aeroplane landing over the centre of the base line towards the apex. Another point in which the Air Navigation regulations were successfully flouted was in the signals for landing. Aircraft about to land flashed their navigation lights, a simple signal. It is prohibited by the Air Navigation regulations except in emergency landings.

So the struggle between what is practical and efficient and what is legal, impractical and inefficient continues in a country already overlaid with paper, a vast geographical waste-paper basket. The laws and rules and regulations; the certificates and licences and passports; the registrations, legislations, bureaucratizations, and infernal politico-legal hyper-disorganizations are causing the modern Briton to stagger under a load of unnecessary, unwanted, and unworkable orders, rules and laws from the cradle to the crematorium. Ninety-nine per cent. of what is contained in the Air Navigation regulations is unnecessary and inimical to aviation development. Aircraft pilots are too much hampered and intimidated, and the efforts of the Royal Aero Club in 1926 to free them have been unsuccessful.

Nothing pleased me more than to hear, the other day, of the pilot who, in a fit of health and high spirits, dashed under



F. King & Co.

#### OFF TO AUSTRALIA

Mr. Lowdell and Mr. Murray with a Genet Bluebird. Mr. Murray, who is one of the finest aerobatic pilots in Great Britain, is shortly to start on a high-speed flight to Australia, accompanied by Mr. C. M. Pickthorn. He intends to fly part of the way by night. Mr. Lowdell is an instructor of the Brooklands School of Flying and was formerly an R.A.F. test pilot

quires him to do so is a sop to the all-pying police. It can make no real difference if the pilot keeps his licence, a sheet testifying to his having paid a sum of money to the Air Ministry and little more, on him or at home. The Air Ministry, in allowing itself to be made a dupe of the police forces, is behaving like a fool. It ought to have been on the side of the pilots, and to have asserted their freedom and to have continued asserting it. But the difficulties of making sense and reason prevail are great and are increasing. "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world . . ." or, in other words, against the lawyers, the bureaucrats, the magistrates.

#### Ratcliffe Aerodrome.

It is pleasant to be able to turn from the subversive activities of the lawyers and bureaucrats to the constructional work of a politician. Mr. Lindsay Everard is one of aviation's best friends. There are so few true friends to aviation in the House of Commons that it is all the more pleasant to be able to indicate one there. Mr. Lindsay Everard is undoubtedly the chief reason for the rapid progress made by the Leicestershire Club. He started by lending the club aeroplanes, and he has continued by building his own aerodrome and placing it at the disposal of the club when it is needed. The opening of

Ratcliffe Aerodrome was marred by bad weather, but I have noticed that aerodromes and clubs which start in bad weather are often the most successful afterwards. There can be no doubt that Ratcliffe will be successful, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Lindsay Everard himself will find it of value whenever he travels by air. He now has added a Puss-Moth

(Continued on p. xvi)

# AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

Clifton Suspension Bridge and escaped before anyone could read his aeroplane's markings. For my part, if I had seen him, not all the policemen, plain or coloured, would have dragged his registration letters or number (if it was a Service aeroplane) out of me. The idea that we must all comply with rules made by arterio-sclerotics and administered by desiccated and impotent old men and women ("Old, old lilies," as D. H. Lawrence called them when they killed him by confiscating his pictures) is gaining ground far too rapidly. Why, if I fly with due regard for the convenience and safety of others in my own country, must I carry licences and certificates and log books? That I am forced to do so is in itself evidence that the old principle that a man is innocent until he is proved guilty has been forsaken. Nowadays everyone, or at any rate everyone who flies or motors, is guilty until he is proved guilty; so all must be numbered and registered and licensed like convicts. There is no real necessity for a pilot to carry his licence with him. The regulation which re-



F. King & Co.

#### AT HANWORTH AIR PARK

Mr. H. R. Law and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Law with their Hermes Desoutter cabin aeroplane. Hanworth is the head-quarters of the National Flying Services, Ltd.



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*Edmund Harrington*

## THE GOOD COMPANIONS

The Hon. Mrs. Cholmondeley and  
her daughters, Elizabeth and Anne

Mrs. Thomas Cholmondeley is the eldest of Lord and Lady George Scott's family of three daughters and two sons, and as charming to meet as she is attractive to look at. She was married to Lord Delamere's only son in 1924, and now that Lord Delamere makes his home almost entirely in Kenya she and her husband occupy Vale Royal, the family place in Cheshire. Elizabeth and Anne are aged five and three respectively



# Priscilla in Paris

**T**RÈS CHER . . . One of the most autumnal places in Paris that I have come across this week was Prunier's Bar in the Rue Duphot! All power to ye oyster! When that mollusc arrives one really feels that it is time to telephone to the furrier and the coal merchant (alas that I am not one of those wise, stitch-in-time persons who buys coal at summer prices!). The place was crowded. All the little tables for four held six, and the tall stools at the bar itself managed to accommodate two. It is true that one needs—or is supposed to need—such a small amount of space whereupon to bestow oneself nowadays.

I often wonder what becomes of all the wasted food that must exist since the fashionable skin, bone, and muscle figure has come to stay. Never have we eaten so little, never have there been so many restaurants, nor have they been so patronized. Go to any eating-place and you will find it packed, and yet apparently the slim figure only thrives on a lettuce leaf, half a tomato, and one small, lean, cutlet per diem. Oysters are most fat-making . . . I hate to think what I must have "put on" (in putting down) at Prunier's. And yet, I repeat, the place was packed, and I vow that there was nothing Houdini-like in the way the Marennes and Armoricaines vanished . . . They went into their tummies, perhaps, but certainly not into thin air!

On the stool next to mine a couple of Less-than-thirties (as we call the bright young *litterateurs* of the day) were discussing the late great dramatist, Georges de Porto Riche. Needless to say they belonged to the clan of his adversaries who declare that his Work will not Live. Whether this is so or not I am not prepared to discuss (all the more so because I am *not* a great admirer of his plays), but he was a grand and picturesque old man. A year before his death he was elected member of the "Académie Française"—that great but stodgy company of forty "Immortals" whose immortal names one never remembers! It is a safe game at boring dinner parties to wager that no one can remember even half of them; few people

can recall more than ten or twelve names and the ensuing discussion whether they do or do not belong to the Académie helps many an uninspiring hostess to galvanize her guests. In point of fact, M. de Porto-Riche never actually "took his place under the cupola," to use a stock phrase. In order to do so he would have been obliged to don the full dress (a sort of black swallow-tail coat and trousers embroidered with laurel leaves worn with a sword and feathered *tricorne* hat) of an Academician, and also to read an encomium of his own composition celebrating the works of his predecessor, M. Ernest Lavisse, whose death made room for his election.

M. de Porto Riche, never having read the worthy historian's numberless volumes, was in no hurry to undertake this job, and not being a wealthy man, he hated the idea of having to buy the necessary costume . . . he put it off from month to month till too late. I only once had the pleasure of meeting him. It was at a crowded first night at the Olympia, and he was brought to my box, where I had an unoccupied seat, by a mutual friend. He loved a variety show and was as pleased as a child at a circus. We had, of course, made much of him . . . but he was a shy man and not very loquacious . . . during several "turns" his comments on the performance were monosyllabic.

You can imagine therefore, Très Cher, with what interest we all bent forward to listen to the pearls of wisdom that we expected from his lips when, after gazing intently at a couple of contortionists, a beautiful girl and a handsome youth, he turned towards us; his fine old face was alight with enthusiastic admiration, and we wondered with what exquisite phrase he would celebrate the plastic beauty of the couple on the stage. He spoke with envious wonder and awe: "What curious attitudes those two must be able to try when they . . ." but now that I come to write it down, Très Cher, I see that what it may be possible for a very old and celebrated dramatist to say in French is quite impossible for someone who is not celebrated and not quite so ancient to set down in English! Hard lines, isn't it, to have an authentic *bon mot* to recount and then find that one cannot bowdlerize it into acceptable form?

To me M. de Porto Riche always appeared to be a sad and rather lonely old man. I imagine that his unhappy childhood influenced him through life. He was an unwanted fourth child, and it seems that he could easily have taken for his own *Port de Carottes'* lament when Jules Renard's world-famous little hero cried: "Every one can't be an orphan, worse luck!" He was, physically, a tragic looking and picturesque figure, tall and thin, and only a little bowed with age; his chin was clean-shaven, but he had a long white moustache, piercing black eyes under pent brows, and a bushy shock of grey-white hair.—PRISCILLA.



MADAME JEFFERSON-COHN

The beautiful wife of Captain Jefferson-Cohn, the well-known French racing owner, who had some of his colts entered in our classics, but they did not run. Madame Jefferson-Cohn played Jeanne de la Motte in the French talkie, "The Queen's Necklace," which was seen in London a short time ago



"SPI"—HER LATEST

Arip

Avec parroquet, a picture taken in her charming house just outside Paris, and just before she left for South America, where Spinely is touring with her own company this autumn





THE WORLD'S CHARLESTON CHAMPION—MISS BEE JACKSON IN VIENNA

This attractive lady, who has been universally elected the world's champion Charleston dancer, is not a stranger to London, as she has danced in some of its various cabarets, and she is coming back to us again very shortly to dance both in cabaret and in a musical production, the name of which has not been definitely announced so far. The picture was taken when Miss Bee Jackson was fulfilling an eight weeks' contract at the Femina Theatre in Vienna



# THE YOUNG IDEA AT THE BEAUFORT POLO CLUB



ELIZABETH BINGHAM



MRS. STIRLING-STUART, JEAN STIRLING-STUART, LADY ROSEMARY ELIOT, AND LADY DIANA SHEDDEN



LORD BURGHERSH



MR. LLOYD THOMAS AND HIS DAUGHTER AND LADY WESTMORLAND



THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT



LORD WESTMORLAND AND ANN CAPEL

All those who organized the children's gymkhana at the Beaufort Polo Club at Norton the other day earned full marks, for it was excellently done, and moreover a very pretty spectacle. It was a regular All-Aged Stakes show, and the lady in the left-hand top corner, Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. and Mrs. Denis Bingham's only daughter, who is just about three, was the youngest starter. Lord Burghersh is six, and may be observed making a pretty good offer in the ball-and-basket stakes. He was second. His parents are in the snapshots flanking the one of the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort, whom everyone was pleased to see at Norton. Lord Westmorland is with Lady Westmorland's little daughter by her former marriage. Lady Rosemary Eliot is the daughter of the late Earl of St. Germans and of Lady Blanche Douglas, whose second husband, Captain Angus Scott-Douglas was killed at polo this year. Lady Diana Shadden is, like Lady Blanche Douglas, a daughter of the late Duke of Beaufort and the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort

Photographs by Dennis Moss





## "LILLI," EVELYN LAYE'S FIRST TALKIE



EVELYN LAYE AND JOHN BOLES—IN SOME SCENES

"Lilli," which we are going to see very soon over here, let us hope, is signalled as a brilliant success and Mr. Goldwyn made no mistake when he paid Evelyn Laye £10,000 and expenses to star in this film, for they say she is worth every penny of it, especially with another excellent voice, John Boles, as her opposite number. "Lilli" is a story of present-day Hungary, in which Evelyn Laye plays the part of a little flower-seller in a café, who longs for a chance to become an actress. She gets it when the star performer at the café is ordered by the police to leave town, and not wanting to do so she gets the flower-seller to impersonate her. Miss Laye finds herself incarcerated in a castle in the depths of Hungary, with a young nobleman (played by John Boles) as her gaoler. The romance that develops between these two is said to be one of the most unusual things of the kind ever done on the screen. Selling flowers and singing at a café in Hungary seems to be a lucrative business, judging by the ropes of pearls the heroine is wearing



# THE PASSING SHOWS

"Charlot's Masquerade,"  
at the Cambridge Theatre



THE BARRISTER AT BREAKFAST

An amusing moment in a clever vignette (from America) of a lawyer's home life, when the husband (Mr. J. H. Roberts) rises to cross-examine his wife (Miss Beatrice Lillie) over the coffee-cups

OBSERVE with what lyrical ecstasy the programme describes Seven Dials, that network of mean streets from whose "unsavoury vitals has arisen, like Aurora greeting the dawn, the glory which is the Cambridge Theatre. "About the walls . . . hovers the ambience of ten thousand love affairs, ten thousand crimes, scenes unapplauded and spontaneous, indiscretions and catastrophes of a full three hundred years. Tragedy, comedy, melodrama, romance . . . the essence of Seven Dials!"

No mention of fried fish, mark you, to interrupt the ambience of romance! Well, what matter? Hats off to anyone who can find romance, even after three hundred years, in Seven Dials. Let us rejoice that beauty is now where formerly was none. Some day, when a wiser and a richer Parliament sweeps away the slums, our great-great-grandchildren will point to the old Cambridge Theatre and say "This was the first oasis . . . *palmarum cui meruit*."

\* \* \*

Meanwhile the Rolls' and the Daimlers, the brave and the fair, are picking their way through the narrow alleys, and to the urchins of the Seven deadly Dials are vouchsafed glimpses of Mediterranean tan set off by ridiculous little coats, whose brevity seems like an inadequate apology for the trailing yards of crêpe de chine. For this new theatre is inevitably "smart," as that word is understood by those who are on terms, whether personal or merely photographic, with "the best people." Mr. Bateman, in fact, might be moved to consider "The Bright Young Thing who went to the Cambridge in plus-fours" as a possible title for his next masterpiece.

The subdued gleam of silver and gold which forms the main *décor* has about it a style, a *chic*, and a modernity beside which the Assyrian cohorts would appear like badly-dressed supers in a pageant. The concealed flood-lighting, the draperies, the carpets, the press-the-button-and-look-at-the-programme lights above the ash-trays in the stalls, the beauty of the bar, the comfort, everything has that air of conscious but soothing gorgeousness which ensures that the last word in theatreland has been spoken. What a joy it is to sit at the back of the stalls without feeling that the whole of the dress-circle is pressing like a ton of bricks on one's defenceless head. There is only one drawback I can envisage to this lovely place, so spacious and yet so intimate, and that concerns the man who invites his wife to accompany him thither. What else can the lady do but rush out into Bond Street and order a new frock before dinner time? I feel convinced that Messrs. Wimperis, Simpson, and Guthrie, the architects, bought a new dress-suit apiece for the first night



TOMTIT

"I FELL FOR YOU"

Miss Constance Carpenter and Mr. Patrick Waddington (of "That certain Trio" fame) singing a tuneful duet in which the tulle draperies of the chorus swish rhythmically against the romantic background of a moonlit garden



masquerade is good enough and gorgeous enough to sustain three counts wherein a sense of shortcoming from the general level

of excellence may be discerned. One, the ballets; two, the dancing; three, the bright, particular star.

The ballets first. "The Masque of the Red Death," inspired by Edgar Allan Poe, is sumptuously inconclusive; "Snow-drop and the

kind of problem which all art which deliberately conceals art invites. Burlesque has a kind of negative side which achieves the maximum by the subtle process of purposely doing, or appearing to do, next to nothing. I submit that Miss Lillie needs more positive material to give the negative values their rightful tones. In quality and in quantity she has too little to do. Her skit on Ruth Draper is limited in appeal. As Lady Clara of Cowes, an Italian flower-seller, and a country wench dancing round the maypole she recaptures something of the old joyous spirit. But none of these things seem quite good enough. Of her Miss Bleet, proprietress of the village general store, it is impossible to speak without conjuring up visions of another line of acidulated spinsters remarkable for the severity of their coiffures and the confusion of their aspirates. Miss Lillie needs a good song and a really "super" sketch, objectives which should not be beyond the range of Messrs. Ronald Jeans, Rowland Leigh, and the various composers.

Mr. Jeans has done wonders with the book. All his sketches are fresh and amusing, and several are really inspired; to wit, the Americanization of a country vicarage and the effects of negro drama of the Porgy-cum-Hallelujah type on Mayfair. The stage's reply to the incursion of the Press into the world of drama has some succulent moments of burlesque. Two items from America, a jest at Hollywood, with a surprise too good to give away, and a barrister cross-examining his wife at the breakfast-table, are fresh and invigorating. There is barely enough space to do justice to the delicate comedy work of

Mr. J. H. Roberts, who carries off a sentimental monologue with the skill of a master in the art of applying the soft pedal; the breeziness of Mr. Henry Kendall; the vocal and sartorial immaculateness of Mr. Patrick Waddington; the slim charm of Miss Constance Carpenter; and the assorted talents, featuring versatility and *joie de vivre*, of the Misses Betty Frankiss, Florence Desmond, and Betty Oliver. A list of high-spots would be incomplete without mention of Miss Desmond's truly amazing imitation of Miss Tallulah Bankhead; Mr. Roberts' superb disguise and appropriate nonchalance as Mr. Hannen Swaffer; an impersonation of Mr. C. B. Cochran indicating a surprising, if temporary, onslaught by "The Red Death" on that celebrity's complexion; Mr. Anton Dolin's nimble solo dance, "Manhattan Serenade"; Mr. Rowland Leigh's wittily turned lyrics; at least three pleasant tunes of modern cadence; and last, but not least, the uniform allure and taste of scenery, dresses, and lighting, coupled with the youth and efficiency of a comely chorus. A good show.

"TRINCULO."



ONE MORE HAMLET

Mr. Henry Kendall, supported by half-a-dozen other moody Danes, breaks into topical song regarding the recent epidemic of Hamlets on the London stage

Seven Brothers" ("Grimm's Fairy Tales") is conventionally pretty; "Japanese Mama," half ballet, half song, is picturesquely puzzling. This bald summary, if taken literally, would be contempt of court where such accomplished experts as Mr. Anton Dolin, Mr. Quentin Tod, and Mlle. Dora Vademova are concerned. I hasten to pay tribute in full to their prowess; to Messrs. Cyril Scott and Eric Coates for some appealing music, and to Mr. Philip Gough, Miss Gordon Conway and Mr. S. Chermayeff for costumes and scenery of colourful distinction. Ballet has poked its nose into revue, regardless of the low-brows, and no one shall say it nay. But it must keep an eye on the clock and strive, without being neo-Vortic or too utterly Russian, to say something new.

Of dancing, individual and snappy, there might have been more and couldn't well have been less. And now for Miss Beatrice Lillie. Her art has not mellowed during the last decade in the sense that the art of Miss Maisie Gay and Miss Cecily Courtneidge is mellow. It retains on the surface the elusive, brittle qualities of Puckish detachment, provocative irresponsibility, and almost impertinent under-emphasis. It presents



MR. ANTON DOLIN

The principal dancer seen here as the War God in "Japanese Mama"



## ROYALTY AT EDINBURGH RACES

LADY DIGBY ARRIVING AT  
THE COURSEH.R.H. PRINCESS MARY COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD, THE COUNTESS  
OF ROSEBERY, AND THE MARCHIONESS OF LINLITHGOWMR. AND LADY JOAN  
VILLIERSLORD AND LADY THIRLESTANE AND THE  
HON. SYLVIA MAITLANDMAJOR-GENERAL SIR CECIL AND  
LADY LOWTHERMRS. MAXWELL-SCOTT AND  
LADY ELPHINSTONE

H.R.H. Princess Mary Countess of Harewood and the Earl of Harewood were the guests of the Earl and Countess of Rosebery at Dalmeny for the Edinburgh Races at the Musselburgh course. Lord Digby and Lady Digby, who is a sister of Lady Rosebery, were also in the house-party. Lord Digby, who was in the Coldstream, and is well-known in the polo world, is an ex-Joint Master of the famous Cattistock hounds. His place has been taken by the sporting American, Mr. Higginson. Lady Joan Villiers is a sister of Lord Jersey. Lord Thirlestane is the Earl of Lauderdale's son and heir, and the Hon. Sylvia Maitland is Lord and Lady Thirlestane's only daughter. Major-General Sir Cecil Lowther was a Scots Guard, and he commanded the first Guards' Brigade in the War. Lady Elphinstone was formerly Lady Mary Bowes-Lyon, and is a sister of the Duchess of York, and married Lord Elphinstone in 1910





### THE DANCER

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*By Webster Murray*





## THE BALLAD OF

*Drawn by Leonard*

Would I could win some quiet and rest, and a little ease,  
 In the cool grey hush of the dusk, in the dim green place of the trees,  
 Where the birds are singing, singing, singing, crying aloud  
 The song of the red, red rose, that blossoms beyond the seas.





## THE DEED OF ST. BORIS

by Leonard Potts

My horse is spavined and ribbed, and his bones come through his hide;  
 My sword is rotten with rust, but I shake the reins and ride,  
 For the bright white birds of God that nest in the rose have called.  
 And never a township now is a town where I can bide.

—John Masefield.



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## SUMMER BREEZES

*By Webster Murray*



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## THE LADY IN "LET US BE GAY"



SOME STUDIES OF MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD

Cecil Beaton

Miss Tallulah Bankhead has scored a very definite success as the only-too-willing vamp in "Let Us Be Gay," which is extremely gay all the time the leading lady is on the stage. Most people probably have seen it by now, but for the benefit of those who have not, it is all about a lady who, having divorced her husband, of whom she is very fond, for intensive flirting, is co-opted by a much distressed grandmother to ride a gentleman off her infatuated grand-daughter. The gentleman turns out to be the one with whose services the heroine has been forced to dispense. She does the job so thoroughly that the gentleman asks to be forgiven and re-married. The lady kindly consents, and all ends well.



# Pictures in the Fire : "SABRETACHE"

By

"SABRETACHE"

The publication in the "Chicago Press" of Scarface Al's cabinet is of intense interest to the attendant world, the more so as to the uninformed member of the public it looks to be somewhat incomplete. The names of the following holders of portfolios are given, but there are one or two obvious blanks—

Secretary for Beer Manufacturing.—Joe Saltis.

Secretary for Delivery.—"Klondyke O'Donnell."

Secretaries for War.—Ted Newberry and "Machine Gun Jack McGurn."

Secretary for Gambling.—Ralph Capone (Al's brother).

Secretaries for Vice.—Jack Guzik and Hymie Weiss.

The name of the Secretary of State for Home Affairs, who of course would have to do with executions, is a notable omission, but an even more glaring one is that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Perhaps Al is waiting, and hoping, for an early find.

Our most diligent clerical journalist whose new book has made even some of the Bright Young cock their ears a bit, has done something equally surprising about the Christian martyrs in one of his most recent *feuilletons*. He has gone so far as to say that he thinks some of them were just conceited and muddle-headed persons. He also, on the other hand, refers to the classic precedent of the Private of the Buffs who preferred to be sliced into little bits rather than kowtow to a Chinese mandarin. Our author then continues—

Every Englishman understood and approved. But most of us think that the Private of the Buffs was right in refusing the symbolic humiliation for the honour of his country.

We ought to judge the Christian martyrs in the same way. They could have saved their lives by throwing a few grains of incense on an altar, a harmless gesture (so some have said) which meant very little more than standing up for "God Save the King." But this is not a fair way of putting it.

If I may make so bold as to say so, the last sentence is hardly "a happy way of putting it." Standing up for "The King" means quite a bit to many of us.



AT SIR EDMUND FINDLAY'S SHOOT

A group of the guns and guests at the grouse drive on Sir Edmund Findlay's moors near Aberlour, Banffshire. The names, left to right, are: Mrs. Mander, Brigadier-General Wallace Wright, V.C., M.P., Lady Findlay, Mr. Richard Steers, Mr. Peter Findlay, Lady Lucas Tooth, Sir Edmund Findlay, Captain McHaffie, Captain Mander, Mr. Backhouse, Mrs. McHaffie, Mr. Pyemont, and Sir Hugh Lucas Tooth.

"Fight suspended!" Nonsense! Bulls are not like boxing champs!

A circular letter which gives some detail as to what is being done by a strong body of people interested in field sports to counteract the efforts of the other people who are out to kill, all this sort of thing is being widely circulated, and the present moment seems opportune to publish the gist of this communication. It tells us that in view of the organized attempt which is being made to render illegal all forms of field sport, it was decided at the annual meeting of the Devon and Somerset Stagholders, held at Taunton, on Saturday, May 24, 1930, to support the suggested formation of a society for the furtherance of

all field sports. The objects of such a society would include the keeping of a keen watch on all legislation which might adversely affect field sports, and the organization of a proper opposition to any measure to their detriment which might be introduced in Parliament. It would also be its duty to reply effectively to the inaccurate and misleading propaganda which, through the agency of the Press and by other methods, is being circulated broad-cast to the public. It states that it cannot be too strongly emphasized that the ultimate object of these propagandists is the suppression of all field sports, and that the policy they have adopted is to attack them one at a time in the hope that by thus creating a division in

(Continued on p. xiv)



SIR GEORGE MACPHERSON GRANT'S SHOOT

Some of the house party at Ballindalloch for the grouse shooting. In the picture, left to right, are: Back row—Mr. A. Streek, Mr. H. C. P. Hunter, Mr. G. F. McCorquodale, Mr. L. A. Clowes, and Sir Ian Walker; in front—Colonel Grant-Peterkin, Mr. G. S. L. Whitelaw, Mr. R. Havelock-Allan, and Sir George Macpherson Grant, the host.



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Dorothy Wilding

## MR. AND MRS. RAYMOND MASSEY

A new portrait of two stage personalities. Mr. Massey, who was recently obliged to leave the cast of "The Man in Possession", owing to ill-health, is one of the most successful of the younger generation of actors and his rise to fame has been rapid. He is a brother of the Hon. Vincent Massey, the Canadian Ambassador in Washington.

## BUBBLE &amp; SQUEAK

THE prison chaplain entered the cell of a newcomer to the prison, and in the course of conversation he asked what had brought about his downfall.

"Well, you see, sir," began the man, "I married a new woman."

The chaplain was up in arms at once.

"The New woman," he exclaimed, "is the curse of the age. She thinks only of pleasure; she neglects her home and drives her husband into desperate ways. And to what crime did she drive you?"

"Well, you see," said the man, "I married a new woman, and the old one gave me in charge for bigamy."

\* \* \*

Moses met Ikey in the street and said to him, "You're lookin' very blue to-day, Ikey. Vot's troublin' you?" "I'm bankrupt; that's vot's the matter." "Bankrupt, eh?" said Moses, "but vot did you settle on your wife?" "I settle nothing on my wife," said Ikey. "Vell, vot did you settle on your daughter?" "I settle nothing on my daughter," groaned Ikey. "Vy," exclaimed Moses, "you are not bankrupt, you are ruined!"

\* \* \*

THE young wife went home to her mother and sobbingly declared that she couldn't ever be happy with her husband again. "I wouldn't have minded it so much, mother," she wailed, "if John had answered me back when I scolded him, but he did something worse."

"My dear child," exclaimed her mother, "surely he didn't strike you?"

"No, worse than that, mother," and the young wife sobbed harder than ever; "he—he just yawned."

LITTLE Betty had been allowed to stay up to dinner one night on the strict understanding that she should behave very well and not ask for anything on the table. When dessert came all the guests were attended to, but she was quite overlooked. She sat despondently for a time and then was struck by a bright idea. She exclaimed in a loud voice, "Who wants a clean plate?"

\* \* \*

"NEXT case," called out the clerk, and an Irish couple were ushered into the court-room. The wife was a strong, broad, healthy-looking woman, and her husband was a poor, meek, battered little man. The magistrate adjusted his glasses, then turned to the man and asked: "You are accused of beating your wife. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, sir," said the little man without a moment's hesitation.

"Thirty shillings or seven days," said the magistrate.

After the session was over one of the court officials asked the magistrate if he hadn't been rather severe in punishing the little fellow.

"Oh, no," exclaimed the magistrate; "I had to give him something for bragging!"



Dorothy Wilding

## MISS ADRIANNE ALLEN (MRS. RAYMOND MASSEY)

Who is one of the four characters in the new Noel Coward play, "Private Lives," which after a great success in the provinces is at the Phoenix Theatre. Mr. Raymond Massey's wife has lately been busy making her second talkie, "The Stronger Sex," playing opposite Colin Clive.

At an Irish police-court the habitual drunkard was summoned for the usual cause.

"Ten shillings or a fortnight," remarked the magistrate.

"But, sir, Oi've only got two shillings in the world, at all," replied the prisoner.

"Well, you must go to gaol then. If you hadn't spent the money getting drunk you would have been able to pay the fine."



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AT EDINBURGH RACES: LORD DERBY  
AND LORD CHURCHILL

In the members' enclosure at the Musselburgh course last week. Lord Derby's decision to greatly curtail his racing establishment has been made owing to the inordinate burden of present taxation. He is not the only big owner who is taking this course

done to help us to that victory which we so keenly desired and which at one time seemed to be a definite possibility. This last assertion may be challenged, as I know, but I do not consider that it is too much to claim that we had what is called a more than average good sporting chance. Accident and adverse circumstances fought against Captain Tremayne and deprived him of the chance of playing the team he would have played if all had gone well. It forced him in the end to play what has been called, and perhaps quite correctly, a two-man team against a four-man team, and yet in spite of this handicap in both matches our extremely gallant force covered itself with honour, and particularly in that second match showed us how narrow was the line which divided defeat from victory. For three-quarters of a game which is rated one of the fastest and fiercest seen in any International, England did a lot more than hold her own. The pace and stress of the battle then began to tell its tale, and particularly on our ponies, for in every account which has come over the cables so far we read that in those last desperate chukkers—the second half of the 6th and in the 7th and 8th the ponies of the American team galloped all over our own and times and again we see it recorded that Mr. Pedley and Mr. Hitchcock in particular, gave their English pursuers the go-by. This is no slur upon the fine expert who had the care and collection of the English

## POLO NOTES : By "Serrefile"

The first feeling which it is certain that everyone will have in connection with England's defeat by 14 to 9 in the second of the International matches at Meadowbrook on September 10 will be one of much sympathy for all who have been concerned in the great adventure—Hurlingham, Major Rex Benson, chairman of the Advisory Committee, Captain C. H. Tremayne, the captain of the English side, and each individual of the actual team and its reserves—for they have jointly and severally left nothing undone which could be

stud, Captain Maurice Kingscote, for he did his part as well as mortal man could be expected to do it. It was just the case of overseas invaders fighting on ponies which had come a very long way, a force in its own territory which was mounted on seasoned performers of which it had a practically inexhaustible supply.

It is calculated that any invading polo force from overseas must be, at a minimum, 4 goals better than the force fighting on its own soil to make victory a certainty. I do not suppose that anyone believed that the team which circumstance eventually compelled us to play was that amount better than the formidable American team; but if things had panned out as we wished, I believe personally that the team which Captain Tremayne would have played might have been a couple of goals better than its adversary. This team I take to be: Captain George (1), Mr. L. L. Lacey (2), Captain C. T. I. Roark (3), Mr. Aidan Roark (back). If a team such as this had been together for as long as the American team, i.e. virtually since 1928, and had our ponies been in America for the period which the Americans themselves suggested, i.e. since the winter of 1929-30, the result would have been different. Opinions I know differ upon the question of length of time desirable for ponies to be in the country in which they are required to play, one side holding that it is better to ship them fighting fit and believe that they will not have time to drop their condition *en voyage* and come to hand very quickly after their arrival at their journey's end; the other side holding that the best plan is to let them down before shipment and give them the longest possible time in the foreign theatre of war in which to be reconditioned and acclimatized. At the risk of reopening a controversy, the case of a very well-known owner in India, the late Sir A. A. Apcar, who won more races than most, must be cited, for he was a firm believer in the latter method. Another thing, although it is possible to send out the fodder grown in the country in which horses or ponies are bred and so obviate any change in the quality and substance of the food, it is not possible to do the same thing where water is concerned. It is a factor worth considering. Horses may take some time to accommodate their interior economies to new water, and it has happened even in this country that the water in different parts of it has had its effect. I think, therefore, that the long period of acclimatization must have the vote. On the other hand ponies which have gone to America on the short-time principle such as, for instance, those of the Tigers, the Jodhpur, the Army in India have done amazingly well; but, I think, the probability is that they would have done even better on the long-time principle. That which is true of a human being is equally true of any other kind of animal. A man may be to all outward seeming just as fit and well when he meets a

complete change of climate and for all ordinary purposes probably is so. The strain of International polo is not an ordinary circumstance, and I take the view that that being so, it must be countered by extraordinary measures. If this present team, its reserves and ponies, could have been in California from the late winter onwards to *Der Tag*, I am convinced that the International Cup would now be back in this country, for no mistake has been made in the estimate of the quality of our material either human or equine.

In last week's notes in this paper a careful and quite impartial analysis of the score and happenings in the first International match on



AT MONTE LAST WEEK

A sun-bathing group which includes the Hon. Jack Stern (Lord Michelham's brother), Mr. John Hopwood, Lady Phyllis Allen, Lady Evelyn Graham, two of Lord and Lady Lovelace's daughters, and Mr. Clarence French

(Continued on p. xxii)





OLYMPIA SHOW

STAND

133



WOLSELEY MOTORS (1927) LTD., WARD END, BIRMINGHAM

Governing Director:  
Sir William R. Morris, Bt.



ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES



ROMANCE  
AND  
ABDULLA

GRANDMOTHER'S WEDDING VEIL

I open Grandmother's morocco casket  
And find Romance made visible again—  
The small gold thimble from her sewing-basket,  
Her satin fan, and silver châteline  
Are tucked away beneath the Bridal cloud  
That veiled a lovely head discreetly bowed.

These folds of gossamer so softly falling,  
This orange-blossom wreath, long laid away,  
Shall crown Another who has heard Love calling,  
And counts the hours till her Wedding Day.  
Dear Grandmother—'twas sad you had to miss  
The Honeymoon that holds Abdulla's Bliss!

F. R. HOLMES.

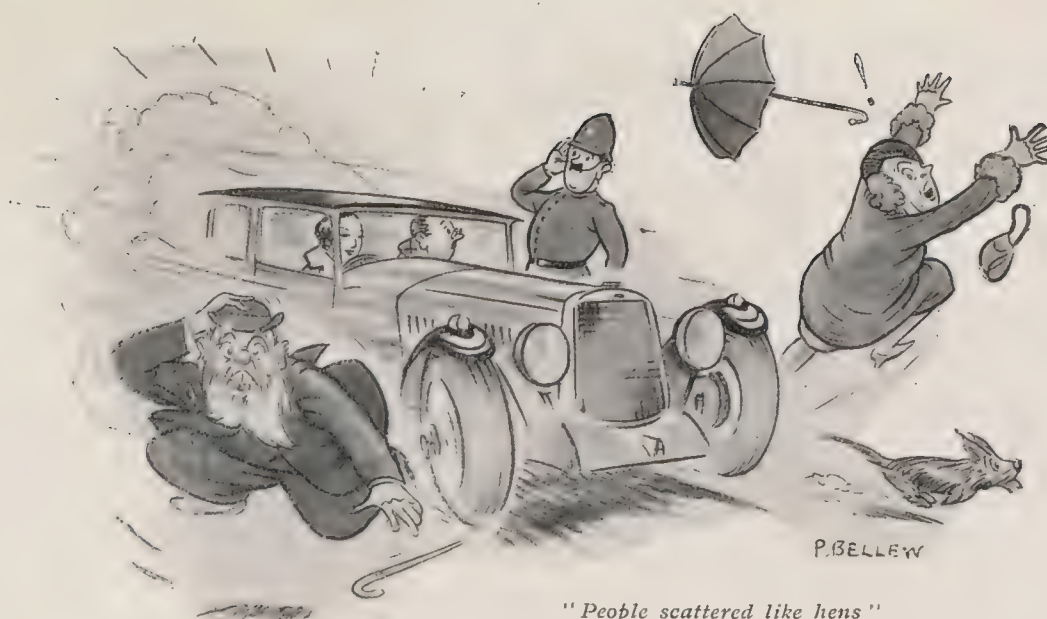
VIRGINIA TURKISH EGYPTIAN



# The Chronicles of a Mutt

The Manhattan Cocktail

By "LUPIN"



"People scattered like hens"

I WENT to buy a car. Not that I particularly needed it myself. Writing all day in an office I've not much time for motoring, and, to tell you the truth, except for pumping up the bicycle when the maid is out, I don't know much about mechanics. We had a horse and trap at home when I was a boy and I have never felt quite happy with these machine things. They make me a little nervous. But Jane said I must have a car, and whenever I wanted to see her there was always some fellow just taking her out for a run. Anyway, everybody who is anybody has a car nowadays. One must keep up with the times.

"We've exactly what you want," said the shopman, all in one breath, "the very thing. This Shaw-Kyller is ready for delivery at once; straight twelve; two-and-a-half litre; ninety-five miles an hour. Kay Don raced the Underground to West Ealing and back with a model like this with seven minutes to spare. Bodywork by Growlers; tyres by Dunlops; springs tested by Carnera Brothers; body by Samson; and carefully constructed to keep the chauffeur well out in the cold; it is fitted with our patent buffers which release foot-passengers after a reasonable shaking. Exclusive feature is this holder which automatically carries a continuous stream of cigarettes to the driver's lips. That knob pressed will eject a thin stream of highly unpleasant liquid at any offensive person in the roadway—our wonderful patent traffic cleanser."

I wished Jane had been with me. The Shaw-Kyller was not the sort of car that I wanted—nor was the price. I had visualized something round about two hundred pounds, but I could not tell the shopman that. I had on my City-suiting, and a cigar. He must have mistaken me for a millionaire.

But Jane would have handled the situation easily. She would have appeared to know exactly what she wanted. She would have inspected each car critically, had them taken to pieces, muddled all the pieces together and then, with the managing director and all his assistants in attendance, she would either have bought a bargain for a fiver or sailed out of the shop.

I could not even hesitate. The shopman was so superb, so exquisitely dressed, I am sure he was in disguise—perhaps a subaltern in the Guards. It would have been an outrage to have doubted his word. I bought the car and crept away feeling that he had done me a favour.

Driving was easier than I expected. A few lessons put me right. After all there was nothing much in it except steering the right way. When Jane suggested I

should drive some of her friends down for a week-end at Lady Fatcalf's house near Dulford, I agreed.

We went fine until it began to drizzle. The glass got smudgy. I am a bit short-sighted and hadn't a spare hand to keep hitching up my pince-nez. Once I missed a policeman's hand but nearly got his leg. He was quite nasty about that.

While we were discussing it my engine stopped. I could not for the life of me find the self-starter knob, and Colonel Slangly had to get out to turn the handle thing in front. Just then I found the knob; it was not the "self-starter" but the "patent traffic cleanser." It certainly acted on the Colonel. We had to tip the policeman not to arrest him for indecent language. His wife would not let him come back into the car until he had left some of his clothes behind; even then his hair was not quite nice.

Later we took a wrong turning and I had to back. I had not practised that. A high kerb and a pile of stones in front of a telegraph post made it more difficult. My passengers seemed nervous. They would not sit back and be quiet. They kept giving me advice. Mrs. Slangly would prod me in the back at critical moments, which fussed me.

A mile or two outside Dulford a hearse in front of us drew up suddenly at a cemetery gate. The silly ass never gave any warning. I tried to stop quickly but skidded. Mrs. Slangly got her claws into my shoulder and started squawking. I hung on to my seat like grim death. A car coming from behind almost bumped us. There was no need for the driver to shout at me. Any fool could see that we were not doing it for fun. Moreover he was going far too fast. People are so unreasonable, and the things he said quite shocked Mrs. Slangly.

When I drew up on the grass the others said they needed some exercise and would walk the rest if I would tell Lady Fatcalf that they were coming. They turned up some hours later. It had been several miles farther than they had expected; it had rained; Mrs. Slangly had a soft corn. The Colonel's sciatica had started again. Lady



"It certainly acted on the Colonel"



"Mrs. Slangly got her claws  
into my shoulder"

Fatcalf was cross because they had kept her waiting for her tea. Somehow, without saying so, they managed to blame it all on to me, including the soft corn.

Jane arrived in a villainous-looking machine, all wheels and pipes, which made a noise like an express train and a reaping-machine—a *Merc* they called it. The driver was that lanky fellow who had been in the ski-ing party in Switzerland and fancied himself so. He was still wearing his Leander tie. I tried to be nice to him but he did not appear to see me. I got to dislike him more than ever. Whenever I wanted a word with Jane he was always hanging about, talking to her confidentially and looking over my head. I cannot think how she stuck him.

At dinner the talk was all about cars and engines, litres, petrol, crank-shafts, and goodness knows what. As usual, the lanky fellow was bossing the show. Seems he was a racing stunt driver at Brooklands. He boasted and laid down the law, and the women hung on his words. It made me fair sick.

He was talking pretty big about the use of skidding at high speeds to avoid serious accidents when Colonel Slangly said something about my having given a very fine exhibition of this outside the cemetery at ten miles an hour. He did not say it in a nice way either. The lanky fellow surmised that my first big accident would be getting run into from behind by a nursemaid with a pram. That seemed to amuse the others. Didn't seem very funny to me, and their grinning got my goat. The fellow was so superior. I remember telling him in the subsequent argument that his bus was a vulgar contraption fit only for car lizards and car vultures, and that mine really was a car, "straight twelve, two-and-a-half litre, ninety-five miles an hour, Kay Don raced the Underground. . . ." Before I knew it I had taken a bet to race him from the house to the Hyde Park Hotel.

I woke on Monday morning with a sick head-ache and a sense of impending disaster. Then I remembered the bet. I had to race that fellow to London. He was a stunt driver with a monster car. Probably he had never done an honest day's work in his life; just lolled about steering cars and giving pretty girls rides.

I had seen races in the cinema, and I could visualize the clouds of dust and stones as we ran neck to neck down the main roads, twisting through the traffic. I felt sicker than ever. Perhaps I could say I was sick, refuse to get up, but Lady Fatcalf would certainly have a doctor in. Perhaps I could creep down to the garage and smash up my car beyond repair, but the servants were already up. I should be spotted and given away. Moreover I did not quite know how to smash it up. Cars are such solid things. Perhaps I could puncture the tyres. I remember doing that to Aunt Elizabeth's bicycle once to avoid having to go to a party with her, and no one ever guessed.

The family chauffeur brought up the cars about ten o'clock, and the

butler helped me into my big motor-ing coat. The house-party was on the steps. No one volunteered to come with me but there was a lot of joking in which I did not take a part. The idea of my being run into from behind by a pram seemed to have caught on. I waited a bit for the lanky fellow, and then asked the butler. He said that Captain Osbertson had given orders to be called at half-past ten; would I kindly start, and he would catch me up later.

I sent no message in reply. There are things that can only be ignored. With some dignity I got into my car. Unfortunately starting is quite the most difficult and the least dignified thing about

motoring. Those gear arrangements ought to be fixed somehow else. My pince-nez fell off twice. I was nervous, too, with so many people watching. After I had pulled at those handles a bit Colonel Slangly said I must be more careful or I should wake Osbertson. I do not like Colonel Slangly.

The chauffeur gave me a hand and I was off. With a fine swing of the wheel to the left I neatly missed the gate-post; with another to the right I cleverly cleared a butcher's cart—thoughtless how people leave butchers' carts about without warning—and turned into the main road. A cheer from the steps told me that the house-party had seen this fine bit of driving.

Mile after mile I belted along. The telegraph-poles whirled past me. The speedometer crept up steadily from twenty to twenty-five an hour, while the great engine roared beneath me. I felt the thrill of speed, the exhilaration of the race. I would show my Captain Osbertson! the crack driver, road-hog, car vulture!

Outside Reading I heard that beast of a racing-car behind me making a noise like a road-drill. It was full of people who looked out at me and grinned as they went past. Someone asked me if they should warn my servant that I might be back for dinner. I looked straight ahead. I only wished that the "patent traffic cleaner" had worked sideways.

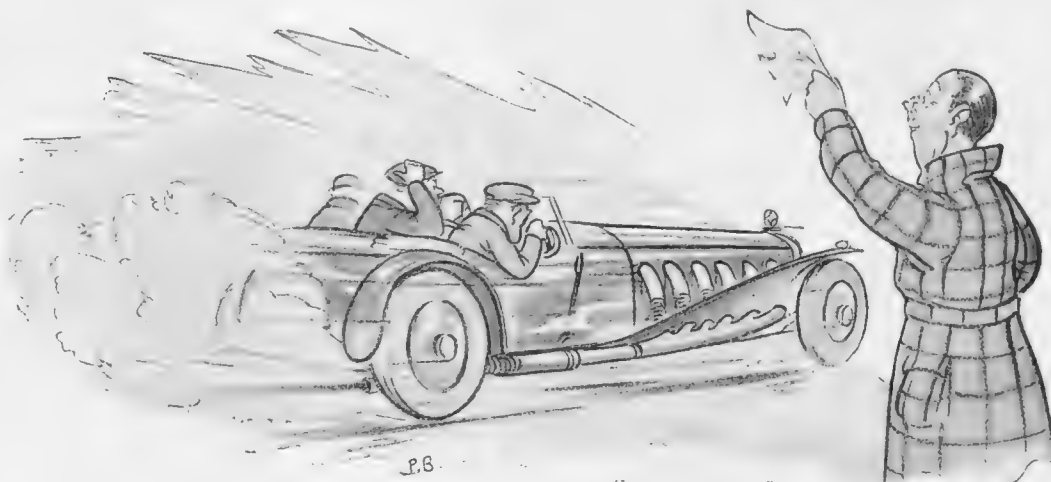
At the Bull Inn before Staines I saw the racer standing by the kerb on the other side of the road. The party were grouped round the pub door having drinks. They greeted me rather vulgarly, I thought, and I would have pushed straight on, but Jane came out into the road and called to me, with a glass in her hand.

"Draw up alongside the *Merc*," she said in a whisper leaning into the car and nodding at Osbertson's racer, "so as to get between them and the bonnet. Then go and give them a drink inside. Mind, inside the pub! and come out as soon as you have done that."

Everyone came in to drink, including even the lanky fellow. When I went back to my car Jane was just closing the bonnet of the *Merc*. She got into my car and I saw her throw her glass into the back seat.

"I am going on with *Lupin*," she called back to the others. "See you all later." The lanky fellow did not seem so pleased with himself as usual.

(Continued on p. xxii)



"Ten minutes later the '*Merc*' went by"



# BUCHANAN'S



BY APPOINTMENT



"BLACK & WHITE"

WORLD RENOWNED  
FOR  
AGE AND QUALITY



"BUCHANAN'S LIQUEUR"

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., LONDON AND GLASGOW.

# PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON

## Still They Come.

**D**URING the last week or two the number of car-building firms which positively will not wait for Olympia before declaring their intentions for the immediate future—and all praise be to them—has received considerable additions. By the end of next week, or perhaps a little later, I fancy that most of the important “futures” will be known. Yet, in spite of that I believe that Olympia will still, as of old, have a few novelties to show. As one who, for his manifold sins and wickedness, has had to attend uncountable motor-manufacturing functions since the War, I would put on record the fact that quite a new note was struck at the luncheon given by Humber, Ltd., upon the occasion of their announcing their new programme. This is the first occasion, bar none, at which I have met car-buyers who had come from all parts of the civilized world with the definite intention of purchasing British cars and at the same time lightening the burden upon my depleted pocket. It was great to meet men who could assure me that, from their point of view (which is often so vastly different from our own insular stand-point) we had got the right goods at the right prices. This is not the place in which to embark upon a technical disquisition and to rehearse the many ways in which Humber cars have been advanced. Suffice it to say that they have simultaneously been heightened in quality and lowered in price. I will not even assert that they are bang up-to-date, for I am satisfied that they are something ahead of it. Lord, how it did one's heart good to walk around that showroom that had been improvised out of a bay in the factory and to mark how the new idea had taken root—or I should rather say “Roots.” That idea of building cars for world requirements; which cars (the highway teaches you the lesson every day you are upon it) are the best kind to use at home. I suppose it is really not so long ago, though it seems like ages, when there was a farewell dinner at the Savoy, the purpose of which was to wish “God speed” to W. E. Rootes. He was not a car manufacturer, but he was convinced that if we had a shot for it we could plant any number of British motor-cars in the Overseas markets if only we set about the business with the inspiration of pluck, imagination, and enterprise. I remember I sat next to a man—a perfectly charming fellow, and for two pins I would give his name—who said how pathetic it was to see brilliance wasted upon forlorn hopes and adventures damned from the word “Go.” Well, this dynamic fellow,

leaving his equally dynamic brother to be dynamic at home, went out and saw what there was to see—put himself fairly face-on to the problem, shook his fist at it, and came home with a clean-cut scheme whereby it should be solved. I am not going to be so absurd as to say that the job has been completely done. But I will say this advisedly, that so much has been done, and so much more is being done, that the old “inferiority complex” about the “impossibility” of British car business abroad

is now a thing of the past. A magnificent example has been set, and it is up to other sections of British enterprise to follow it. For mark you, in neither Humber nor Hillman programme—the two concerns being allied with a common object—do you find any concession to the baleful influence of our domestic taxation scheme. The fundamental idea underlying them both is to build cars that will give a good account of themselves in any part of the world—will withstand abuse and neglect, overloading and under-loading, and yet will still be good cars. These two firms have got clear away from the little car, and from their new models I guess that their motto is “plenty of smooth power, plenty of accommodation, and plenty of performance.” There is no part of the earth in which that combination is not a saleable commodity. I have the utmost admiration for many American cars, but somehow I rather feel that, from henceforward, their modest monopoly in the countries which cannot produce cars for themselves is not going to be quite so easy to maintain. Manifestly there are others in the automobile industry of Great Britain who have done yeoman work, refusing to be knocked back by adverse conditions, and utterly impervious to the suggestion that “You'll never do this, or you can't do that.” I take my hat off to all of them; but I take the band off my hat to “W. E.” and “R. C.”, whose success commands my admiration even as their genius commands my positive awe.



NEWCASTLE'S CITY FATHERS

A gallery of Newcastle's notabilities, which in view of the project for some new and magnificent municipal buildings, no doubt will be of interest on Tyneside. A little catalogue is as follows: Councillor Arthur Lambert was called Newcastle's singing Lord Mayor as he has an exceptionally fine voice; Councillor Joseph Stephenson is the present Lord Mayor; Sir Arthur Sutherland is a Tyneside shipping magnate and was Lord Mayor during the last year of the War; Alderman Richard Mayne has been on the City Council for twenty years; Sir George Lunn is another big shipowner and is a freeman of Newcastle and an ex Lord Mayor; Dr. R. W. Simpson is a prominent City Councillor, and Sir Stephen Easten was the driving force in the plans of the new Tyne Bridge which was opened by H.M. the King in 1928

## The Superlative Bilge.

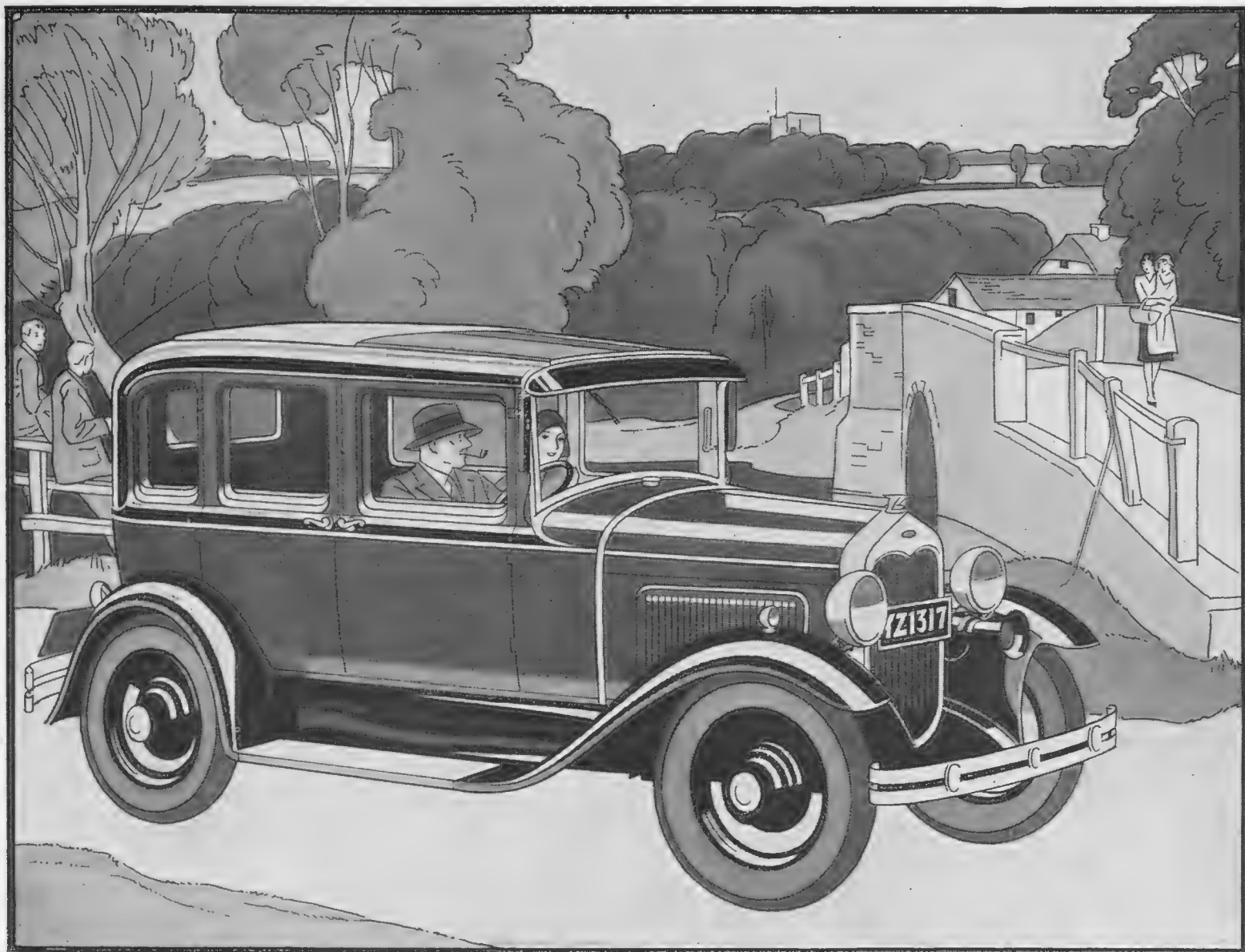
**F**ar be it from me to deprecate the work of my colleague motor-noters who are enmeshed within the nets of a certain section of the daily Press. It must be extremely painful to them—who are, as I know, enthusiasts for motoring in all its aspects—to have all the accidents cut out of their reports of races, the final result going into one line, whilst the 'orrible catastrophes get a whacking great paragraph. 'Twas ever thus. And possibly it is the machination of a sensation-hunting news editor which brings this sort of thing, as it might be, from the

(Continued on p. xvi)

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



# The New Ford Cars . . . silent running



THE DE LUXE FORDOR SALOON WITH SLIDING ROOF

SILENT RUNNING, of a kind usually associated with high-priced motor cars, is another enjoyable feature of the new Fords.

For example, gear changing — so seldom needed with a Ford car — is remarkably silent, due to the unusual use of expensive ball and roller bearings.

The new Ford's powerful 4-wheel brakes and the additional emergency brakes do not squeak. Ford brakes are specially designed to be waterproof, rustproof and noiseless.

The flexible and powerful Ford engine is silent running. The pistons are specially designed for non-slapping. Valve noise is silenced by special oil cushioning. The engine controls are designed and built to be unusually smooth acting and rattle proof.

Ford bodies have a silence ordinarily associated with high-priced cars. For example, Ford car doors are equipped with rubber buffers designed to prevent rattles.

Ford silence is the symbol of right design, careful building and efficient operation. It illustrates the care that is used throughout in designing and building these beautiful cars.

Go to your dealer and enjoy a trial run in one of the closed or open body types. Experience the safe, economical, enjoyable — silent — transportation which the new Ford cars are bringing to an ever-increasing number of owners. Ford Motor Company Limited, London and Manchester.

LINCOLN



Fordson

# EVE at GOLF : By ELEANOR E. HELME

## The Girls at Stoke Poges

**S**URPRISES ought to be the order of the day when there are young golfers about, but it is a little hard to know whether to call Miss Pauline Doran's win of the Girls' Championship, promoted by "Britannia and Eve," a surprise or not. Of course youngest competitors are not expected to win championships, but neither are they supposed to win scratch prizes from their elders and betters, so that once Miss Doran had walked off with that Girls' Golfing Society prize, Miss Enid Wilson and all notwithstanding, everybody felt that anything might happen. And happen it did.

Miss Doran is a big, powerfully-built golfer. It was difficult for spectators to be quite sure that they had arrived at the right match when they saw this hefty young lady flicking a mashie on to the 7th; at fifteen years and one month this was not at all what they had expected. Some said she reminded them of Miss Helen Hicks of hard-hitting American fame, others of Miss Marion Hollins, and yet really she did not hit the ball so hard as the Whitfeld twins nor Miss Ruth Greaves, and the championship went to her mainly because she knew very well the value of good chipping and putting. Everybody is long nowadays; there is simply nothing remarkable about it, but the short game has still a value above rubies, and it was Miss Doran's excellence round the hole, coupled with an excellent keeping of her head in crises which gave the impression of a much more mature golfer than one might expect. That is probably because North Surrey, where she plays her golf, is one of the few extremely wise clubs who really do encourage their youngsters rather than discourage them. Perhaps the other clubs will put the Stoke result in their pipes and smoke it, so that next year every young golfer will appear at Stoke bursting with the match-playing experience which stood Miss Doran in such splendid stead this year. Congratulations really are due to North Surrey as well as to the player herself; they have given a grand start to a player who may very well be bringing some other championship cup to their clubhouse before so very many more years.

As for Miss Dorrit Wilkins the runner-up, she arrived in the final via a series of beautiful chips; she has that rare gift, a really delicate touch from just off the edge of the green, and on the whole her putting was excellent too. But in the final she tried, perhaps a little too hard and earnestly; the drives began to go a trifle crooked, the shots up to the hole to stop short, and so she lost a great battle at the 19th. She has one more year of the event, Miss Doran has three, so we may very well see these two fighting out another final. We could hardly wish for a better one than 1930.

However, we seem to have begun at the end instead of the beginning. Beginning and ending was in any case the quite extraordinary kindness of Stoke Poges and Stoke Court, who fairly vied with each other in giving the girls a good time and a welcome. For instance, Stoke Poges this year gave a delightful silver cup for a bogey competition on their new putting course down by the lake, so that the players beaten in the first round could

forget their sorrows up and down and round about those most intriguing slopes. Miss Marna Mellis, daughter of the Scottish ex-International, carried off that cup after a tie with Miss Mary South of Denham. Next year Stoke Court are going to give a perpetual challenge cup to be held by



THE FINALISTS

Miss Pauline Doran (the winner), right, and Miss Dorrit Wilkins (the runner-up), who is evidently smiling at the thought of another try in the contest next year



PRESENT AND PAST: THE GIRLS AT STOKE COURT

Left to right: Miss Milne, Miss Diana Taylor, Miss Plumpton, Miss Dorrit Wilkins, Miss Nan Baird, Miss Mitchell, Miss A. Holmes, Miss B. Holme, Miss Rymill, Miss Johnson

in their hearts for the Court; did not a number of Old Girls, Miss Nan Baird, Miss Diana Plumpton, Miss Margaret Mitchell, Miss Audrey Holmes, not to mention their families, come back this year, adding immensely to the gaiety of that wondrous mock murder, that test match with a ping-pong ball, that fancy head-dress dance, which enlivened the evenings?

That all sounds most frivolous, but everybody plays better golf, not to mention enjoying themselves more, for forgetting golf now and again even in the middle of a championship, and anybody who thinks golfers are dour should have been gently led by the hand into that dance-room, taken a look at young Australia in cricket cap or dunce's cap, or Essex in Spanish mantilla, Yorkshire as a nurse (have you ever thought that lip-stick might produce a marvellous red cross for an impromptu head-dress?) and they would have thought otherwise. Which is perhaps a digression. We really must be firm about it and start properly at the beginning again. Wednesday morning, and the chief excitements thereof. Firstly, the defeat of Miss Dorothea Weyhausen, younger sister of Alice, after she had been four up at the 10th on Miss Peggy Whitfeld (Miss Weyhausen is a right good golfer, but Miss Whitfeld is a rare fighter), the gallant victory of Miss Estelle Hough from Miss Horsburgh, who had come with such a great reputation; the promising golf of Miss Betty Taylor, in spite of her defeat by the favourite, Miss Mary Johnston. Then, in the afternoon, Miss Peggy Whitfeld, practically repeating her morning performance, this time at the expense of Miss Lulu Esmond, who looks as if she might be the best of the three sisters before long, although



MOTHER AND DAUGHTER AT STOKE POGES

Mothers do help—when they're ex-Welsh champions like Mrs. Rieben. Her daughter, Isabella, bids fair to follow on

(Continued on p. xxvi)



# BRADLEYS

CHEPSTOW PLACE W.2  
PARK 1200

## FINEST VALUE IN FINEST FURS

■  
*The WRAP  
STOLE below  
is in Persian  
Lamb, finished  
with Ermine Tie*  
49 Gns.

*MUFF to match*  
8½ Gns.

*Also in Sable-  
dyed Squirrel.*  
WRAP  
28 Gns.

*MUFF to match*  
6½ Gns.



*The very effective MODEL COAT  
above is in Persian Lamb, trimmed  
with Siberian-dyed Kolinsky, 175 Gns.*

**Bradleys**  
Chepstow Place L.  
London, W.2.  
PARK 1200

*Ten minutes' Taxi from the Hyde Park Hotel*

# The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



This riding jacket and jodhpurs were built by the Bedford Riding Breeches Company, 19, New Quebec Street, W. They are admirably cut. (See p. iv)

## A Pot-pourri of Fashions.

THE general unrest is reflected in the world of dress, and there is no doubt that the great *couturières* have come to the conclusion that women will not slavishly accept the dictates of fashion, therefore when designing the autumn modes they have followed the lines of adaptability, so that the individuality of the wearers may be suited. Many of the ideas that prevailed in bygone days have been brought up-to-date and cleverly introduced. There is little new to record about the fashions for in-and-out-of-town wear, the difference being in the detail; the skirts are longer, the tuck-in blouse has come into its own, accompanied by lingerie touches, and then there is the narrow belt. Fur is extensively used for decorative purposes.

## The Candle-shade Skirt.

M<sup>adame</sup> Barri, the well-known artist in dress, of 33, New Bond Street, W., is to be congratulated on the collection of Parisian models that she has assembled in her salons. She has an almost clairvoyante power of knowing the styles that will be worn. The greatest consideration has been given to the figures of those who would wish that they could take a few inches from their circumference. Harmony in proportion is the fetish here; in other words, the true art of slendering is well understood. The candle-shade skirt in its latest interpretation is delightful. There

is no fullness until the hips are passed.

When the wearer is resting it falls in graceful folds; when she walks there is a new movement—a special step will have to be cultivated for this. An evening dress of this character is expressed in printed taffeta, the corsage is arranged with wasp-line gaugings with a V-shaped vest back and front. The V neck-line has returned; it is very becoming to the majority. In striking contrast to this *chef d'œuvre* is one consisting of a black satin princess slip, worn over it is a very wide-beaded net skirt which stands well away from



the figure, hemmed with gathered frills of net; the corsage is covered with net, and is of the medieval character.

There are several interesting black lace dresses, and there are the new turquoise-blue georgette frocks, they are very simple and extremely graceful; copied in black they would remain undated indefinitely.

## Two in One.

A particularly fascinating novelty in Madame Barri's collection is a double-purpose dress. In its first guise it is a princess frock carried out in lovely lamé which is as supple as the petal of a rose. In its second guise a skirt of a new transparent fabric has been added, it can be adjusted in the fraction of a second without the intervention of a needle and thread. There is a short coat with elbow sleeves of

the same fabric relieved with touches of fur, the scheme being completed with a single skin fur tie caught with two flowers, similar blooms find a position in the béret, with its slanting bandage of lamé across the forehead.

## Furs Worked in Mosaics.

It is in the ensembles that women will indeed revel, as there is a host of possibilities to discover in the wealth of detail which goes to their making. For instance, a fur collar of American broad-tail has a mosaic design expressed in Persian lamb. Regarding the new notes present in the dresses of the ensembles, there is the white piqué cassock collar and rabat seen in conjunction with cuffs of the same material shaped like an arum lily. A red dress has a narrow black patent leather belt; black and white spots are used for decorative purposes; they are not woven

(Continued on p. iv)



Light in weight and delightfully warm is this rug coat. It comes from Romanes and Paterson, Princes Street, Edinburgh, where it is accompanied by a variety of others. It is as appropriate for walking, motoring, flying, as for steamer wear



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INC

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# THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION



**FURS  
FOR  
EVENING  
WEAR**



Fashions in fur change like everything else in the way of dress. The short coat has come into its own for evening wear, and is being warmly applauded as the furrier and the tailor are working hand in hand as it were in order to create something new that will have a slenderizing effect on the figure. The collection of these coats in the salons of the National Fur Co., 193, Brompton Road, is among the finest in London. They are responsible for the chef d'œuvres pictured. They are carried out in coco-dyed ermine, they are also available in beige-dyed squirrel, when the cost is about one third of the former. Here are likewise assembled a unique variety of Russian and Canadian mink coats. Attention must be called to the fact that deferred terms prevail. To meet the convenience of their clients, any purchase may, if desired, be paid for in twelve equal monthly payments at an extra charge of only 5 per cent. on ordinary cash prices. Delivery is made on payment of first instalment

Pictures by Blake



# CHEAPER

# WOOL



# BRINGS

# WOLSEY

# PRICES

# DOWN!



Wolsey wearers are to reap the full benefit of the recent fall in the price of wool. Prices of most of the numbers are substantially reduced. Even in the very cheapest line the quality of the wool is better than at any time during the past 30 years. Drapers everywhere sell Wolsey. If you have the least difficulty in getting exactly the garment you want write to Wolsey Ltd., Leicester.

*If you want lower-priced underwear  
insist on the new 1930*

# WOLSEY

*for women, men and children*

## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

nor embroidered but darned, and the collar is outlined with fringe, which is formed of the loose darning threads, and the red hat faced with black patent leather. In several of the models the belts match the coats and not the dresses; bell sleeves are reversed, that is to say that the narrow part encircles the wrist, and as they proceed to the elbow they flare. It is impossible to do justice to the headgear at Madame Barri's; in the hand the bérêts are nothing to look at; when they are arranged at the right angle, revealing a waved wisp *motif* or *plastron* of hair, call it which you will, they are really charming. Neither the hair nor the bérêt must ever be permitted to wander on to the forehead. There is jewellery to harmonize with every frock, and notwithstanding its artistic merits it is exceptionally moderate in price.

## Reduction in Prices.

It is in the prices and not in the quality of their Eastern silks that Liberty's (Regent Street, W.) have made a great reduction; it is from 9d. to 3s. per yard. This has been made possible by the more favourable rate of exchange and the lower cost of raw silk. Patterns of the same would gladly be sent on application. It must, however, be remembered that the beauty of many of the designs suffer from being seen only in small pieces. The Liberty surroundings are so artistic and restful that it is indeed a pleasure to choose materials there. There is the Tyrian silk woven by hand in the East for this firm. It is a pure silk free from artificial treatment; it has been constructed especially for the reception and retention of colour. In appearance it is the equal to *crêpe de chène*, and because of its purity more durable. It is printed by hand at Merton Abbey, the designs being original and extremely beautiful. It is now available for 8s. 11d. instead of 9s. 11d. per yard. The plain Tyrian which has had its price reduced from 7s. 6d. to 6s. 9d., is showerproof, and it is no exaggeration to state that there are over 100 colours and designs.

## Handwoven Eastern Crêpe.

Everyone knows the wonderful draping possibilities of Liberty's crêpe; it has had its cost reduced to 9s. 11d. (it is 36 in. wide); formerly it was 11s. 6d. Neither must it be overlooked that Rani silk, 36 in. wide, is 10s. 9d. instead of 12s. 9d. It is the very thing for dresses that are to be seen in conjunction with fur coats as the colour schemes are

admirable foils, no matter whether the fur chosen be mink, Russian sable, squirrel, or broad-tail. In other colourings and designs there is nothing more delightful for studio suits and negligées.

## Riding Breeches.

Really surprisingly moderate in price are the riding outfits for members of the younger generation, for which the Bedford Riding Breeches Company, 19, Quebec Street, Marble Arch, W., are responsible. To them must be given the credit of the riding-jacket and jodhpurs illustrated on p. 610 made to individual measurements, they are from £4 4s.; the breeches alone being £1 1s. A fact that cannot be too widely known is that this firm have been established for nearly a quarter of a century. They will gladly send patterns and self-measurement forms on application should distance or other circumstances prevent a visit to their establishment.

## Well-built Coats.

The vogue for long walking and travelling coats becomes each day more pronounced, and if there is one thing more than another in which Studd and Millington, Conduit Street, W., may be said to excel, it is in these coats. Illustrated on this page is a very smart model. It is made of Scotch tweed, and although it is single-breasted it has a double-breasted wrap. Notwithstanding its manifold advantages it may be made to measure from 6½ guineas. As will be seen, there is an adaptable collar, an all-round belt, and capacious pockets. If desired a fur collar could be added. A fact that is not nearly as well known as it should be is that this firm are prepared to make coats and skirts from 8½ guineas. All interested in this subject must ask this firm to send them patterns of materials and self-measurement forms together with their illustrated catalogue.

## A Book of Ribbons.

It really is impossible to do justice to J. and J. Cash's of Coventry washing ribbons until they have been seen. Therefore all and sundry must write for their illustrated and patterned brochure; it will gladly be sent gratis and post free. These excellent ribbons are woven so that they will stand the strain of vigorous exercise and will not fray or break. They are obtainable at all drapers in a variety of widths and colourings. It is such an immense advantage to be able to send lingerie to the wash without having to remove the ribbons.



A FASHIONABLE AUTUMN COAT

Designed and carried out by Studd and Millington, Conduit Street, W., in Scotch tweed. The collar, belt, and pockets are important features



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## Writing the Romance of Radio

Pioneers Hold Exhibition to Celebrate its Tenth Birthday

By EAMON GARRY

All roads lead to Olympia, where broad-casting's tenth birthday is celebrated in the greatest radio exhibition the British Empire has ever known. All that is latest and most novel in sets are displayed on 400 stands in a fairyland of colour, lights, and music. During the progress of this nine days' wonder—which started on the morning of September 19 and will finish at midnight on September 27—no fewer than a quarter of a million people, literally from all parts of the world, will visit this palace of miracles, as it has been aptly described.

In view of the fact that this Exhibition celebrates the tenth anniversary of broad-casting, a retrospective view of radio's short history should be both interesting and appropriate. In his message commending the Exhibition, the Postmaster-General pays an important tribute to the radio manufacturers, and writes a preface to this "Romance of Radio":

"The organizers," he says, "of this Exhibition—the Radio Manufacturers' Association—took a prominent part in the establishment of broad-casting in this country and were largely responsible for the formation of the British Broadcasting Company to whom the broadcasting service was originally entrusted. I think the Association may well be proud of their pioneer work in this connection."

"Radio manufacturers can claim a good deal of credit for the rapid growth of the broad-casting system, as it would have been useless for the B.B.C. to produce attractive programmes if the public had not been able to buy efficient receiving apparatus at a reasonable price. I am sure that the display of wireless apparatus of all types at this year's Exhibition will fully maintain the high reputation of the British radio manufacturers."

That letter affords the first glimpse into radio's history. The radio-manufacturers gave broad-casting to the nation. Melba sang "Home Sweet Home" in the first broad-casting concert; the public imagination was so fired that the radio-manufacturers, in conference with the Postmaster-General, hammered out a scheme by which a regular service of broad-cast programmes could be given to the public. The manufacturers financed this scheme and ran it. The organization was known as the British Broad-casting Company and operated until New Year's Eve, 1926, when it handed the results of its pioneering work over to the British Broad-casting Corporation as we now have it.

Those pioneering days were coloured with the glamour of romantic adventure. The staff that operated the small studio at Marconi House at night worked at desks in the office of the old B.B.C. in the Kingsway by day. They still recall the hectic rush from the offices which closed at five o'clock to the studio in time to face the microphone which was due to broad-cast the first of the day's programmes at the same hour. They had to dine off a menu of sandwiches and coffee sent in from a nearby café.

A day or two ago I was chatting with the Rev. J. H. Mayo, M.A., at the Radio Exhibition, where we were examining an interesting relic of those days which the B.B.C. exhibits at its stand. It was the original transmitter used for those first Marconi House programmes. The sight of it recalled to Mr. Mayo that Christmas Eve when he broad-cast the first sermon that had ever been put on the air.

"In proposing this to the authorities at Marconi House," he said, "I was conscious that it might be an unwelcome innovation to many listeners. But they were kind and encouraging in the tiny room at the top of Marconi House, and the reputation for courtesy and sympathetic attention that B.B.C. announcers have long since gained was already in evidence."

"But it was an ordeal! Nervous? It is not the word! I concealed it (I hope) manfully, but to be speaking to an audience which for size and diversity and distance, no man previously had preached to, was enough to unnerve the bravest. And I felt that had the experiment been a failure it would have ended religious talks—for a time at any rate."

"Thank God, it was not, and not a Sunday has been missed by the B.B.C., and for years past, from three or four centres, have the great Christian churches given their message."

Mr. Mayo tried to give me an idea of the speakers' and singers' difficulties at the commencement of broad-casting. He said that a mouth-piece about the size of that used on the telephone swung at the end of a wire and into that one *had* to speak, or the words were lost.

Later we saw great improvements, for a contraption like a 3-in. shell was built up on sugar-boxes, tied round with string and with mysterious bits of wool at odd corners!

It seems a far cry from the hours in that Strand attic and the princely building now emerging in the West End. The future? Anything is possible. Measure the next ten years by the past ten. Some years ago I ventured to prophesy the coming of the pocket "set," when the traveller in far-off loneliness could cheer his solitude as he journeyed with symphony, vaudeville, or jazz. It will not be long before the modern house will have permanent adjustments.



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We have heard beauty singing its song of life

Friends come. And go. Love comes. And goes—alas! But so long as there is beauty in the world—one need not be comfortless. So long as there is beauty in the world—healing, miraculous beauty, there is high adventure, young desires—life singing its mystical song

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## Abroad.

On November 2, Mr. James Philip Mills, Indian Civil Service, and Miss Pamela Vesey-Fitzgerald are being married in Bombay; also in November there is the marriage between Flight-Lieut. F. J. Fresanges, R.A.F., and Miss Joyce Broadway, which is to take place in Lahore; Dr. W. Seth-Smith and Miss R. S. Raikes are getting married in Secondi, Gold Coast, about November 15; on November 22, Mr. John Bidwell, marries Miss Ellen O'Neill Gibbons in St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta; and Mr. J. A. Vivian Rowe and Miss Millicent Baird are being married in Colombo in November.

## Recent Engagements.

M. Francois Teissier du Cros, the eldest son of M. and Madame Henri Teissier du Cros, 12, rue Salle l'Eveque, Montpellier, and Miss Janet Sinclair Craigie Grierson, the youngest daughter of Professor and Mrs. H. J. C. Grierson, 12, Regent Terrace, Edinburgh; Lieut.-Commander Ramsey Beatty, Royal Navy, the son of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Beatty of Feock, Cornwall, and Miss Marie Kathleen Stewart, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Peter Stewart of Eskbank, Mid Lothian; Captain C. I. Lee, Royal Tank Corps, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Lee of Hope Cove, Devon, and Miss Ursula Millett, the younger daughter of the Rev. and



MISS MARY WOOLLAND

Whose wedding to Dr. Raymond Lomax will take place on October 29. Miss Woolland is joint M.F.H. with her brother, Mr. Walter Woolland of the Craven Hunt

## Weddings and Engagements



MR. AND MRS. W. B. ENEVER

Who were married on September 4 at Harrow Weald. Mr. William Baxter Enever is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. R. Enever of Willow Grange, Watford, and his wife was formerly Miss Isla Howard-Williams of Belgrano, Stanmore. Her father is a director of the Central Argentine Railway and several English and other Argentine companies



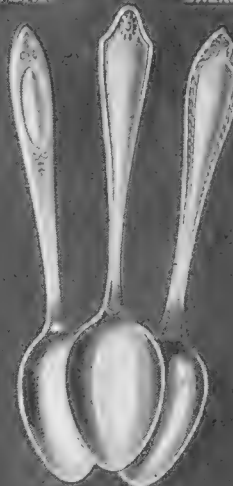
MISS RUTH LUBBOCK

The only child of Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Lubbock of Julians Stevenage, who is engaged to Mr. Raymond Palmer. She is a great-niece of the first Lord Avebury

C.B., and Mrs. Carr of Thymira, Netley; Mr. Henry Bickersteth Cooper, formerly Fellow of Hertford and Tutor of Keble College, Oxford, and Miss Mary Brown, the eldest daughter of Mr. J. and Mrs. Brown of South Ridge, Deddington, Oxon; Mr. Henry Jefferson, the eldest son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Jefferson of Springfield Bigrigg, Cumberland, and Miss Monica Harris, the only daughter of Canon and Mrs. Harris of Long Marton Rectory, Appleby, Westmorland; Mr. Robert E. Warwick Burnside, B.A., of Broken Hill, Northern Rhodesia, son of the late Mr. J. W. Burnside, B.A., and Mrs. Burnside, late of Wymondham, Norfolk, and Miss Marjorie Donne Bowyer, the daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Bowyer of Yeovil, and niece and adopted daughter of Lieut.-Colonel E. W. White, C.B.E., M.B., and Mrs. White of Betty House, near Shrewsbury.

Mrs. H. W. Millett of Ide, Exeter; Mr. Howard Usher Cunningham, fourth son of the late Mr. St. Clair Cunningham and Mrs. St. Clair Cunningham of Hedderwick Hill, Dunbar, and Miss Jocelyn Rosemary Guild, the younger daughter of the late Mr. John Erskine Guild, W.S., and Mrs. Erskine Guild; Mr. Charles Arthur Nicholson, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Nicholson of Anglesey Lodge, Alverstoke, and Miss Kathleen Carr, the only daughter of Major-General H. Carr,

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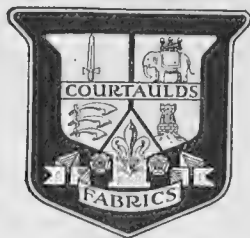
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## Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

I must again remind members of the great advantage it is to themselves to have their dogs noticed in this column. The large well-known kennels can look after themselves, but even their owners in many cases regularly send me photographs, and to small kennels, or kennels just starting, it is of extreme use. THE TATLER penetrates all over the globe, and it is a pleasant thought that one's kennel is read about and one's dogs studied in distant outposts, when it is probably the only link with the dog-showing community. I am always glad to receive photographs from members, however small their kennels.



SCOTTIE PUPS

The property of Mrs. Madden

Among all the so-called toy breeds none are so intelligent as the Yorkshire terrier. These tiny dogs retain true terrier character, and are as game and fond of a hunt as their larger brethren. They would doubtless have been far more popular than they are if it had not been that they were victims to a craze for abnormally long coats, in some cases trailing inches on the ground. This necessitated them being kept under wholly artificial conditions and "put off" the ordinary person in search of a pet, which was a pity, as no more interesting and attractive small dog exists. Luckily for them this idea is losing ground, and Yorkshire terriers can be shown and win with merely an ordinary long coat.

Foremost among the people who have helped to bring this desirable state of things about is Lady Edith Windham. She sends a cheery photograph of some of her family. All in the front row are first-prize winners, and include the lovely Rhu Nina of Solam. Lady Edith's dogs do well on the bench, and



YORKSHIRE TERRIERS

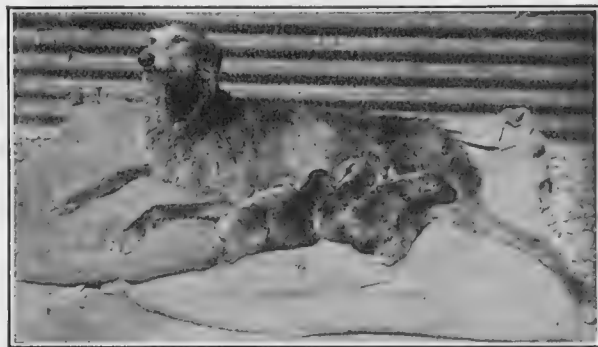
The property of Lady Edith Windham

also lead a natural life at large in their country home. They are her dear companions, and lead an ideal existence. She has now some beautiful small puppies for sale, but says "only true kind homes will be considered." They can be seen either at Bishops Stortford or in London.

Mrs. Madden is doing increasingly well with her Scotties. She has now added the beautiful bitch, Ch. Albourne Red Mary, to her kennels. She sends a photograph of some of her dogs—Glencannie, Faith, Hope, and Charity. Charity is peeping over the back. She is ten months old, and won twelve firsts and four seconds at six shows in three weeks. Mrs. Madden will shortly be having some puppies for sale. The Scottie is one of the breeds whose popularity never can wane, as he is of a wise, dignified demeanour.

Romance clings inevitably to some breeds, and the deerhound is one. The sight of him brings memories of mountains and lochs, and the stories which thrilled one's childhood. No dog can equal him in grace and dignity; it is impossible for him to look awkward or undignified. In spite of all this the deerhound can easily adapt himself to small quarters, and can curl up in an amazingly small space. Deerhounds have particularly charming dispositions, sweet tempered, and devoted, and this can be seen in the expression on the face of the mother in the charming snapshot sent by Miss Bell. The lady is Fiona of Enterkine, and Miss Bell says she "has a perfectly angelic temperament." The pups are for sale. Miss Bell also has some older ladies for sale to good homes at very reasonable prices.

All letters  
to Miss  
BRUCE, Nut-  
books, Cadnam,  
Southampton.



DEERHOUND AND PUPPIES

The property of Miss Bell

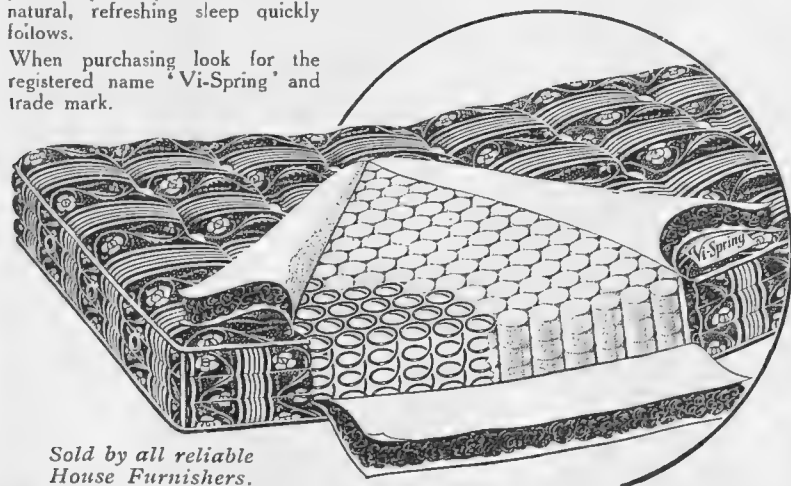
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## Before Breakfast, Drink Hot Water and Lemon

Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid  
and Gassy Waste Matter

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time.

It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.



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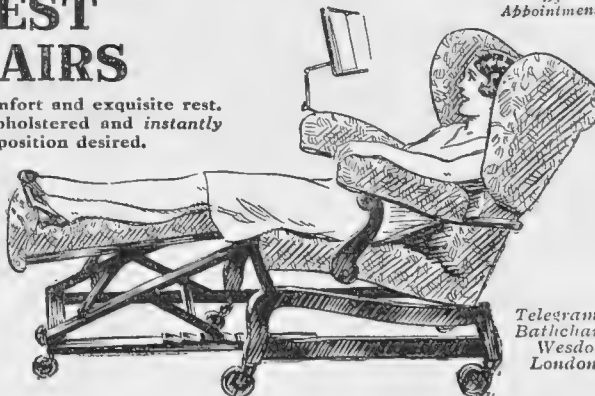
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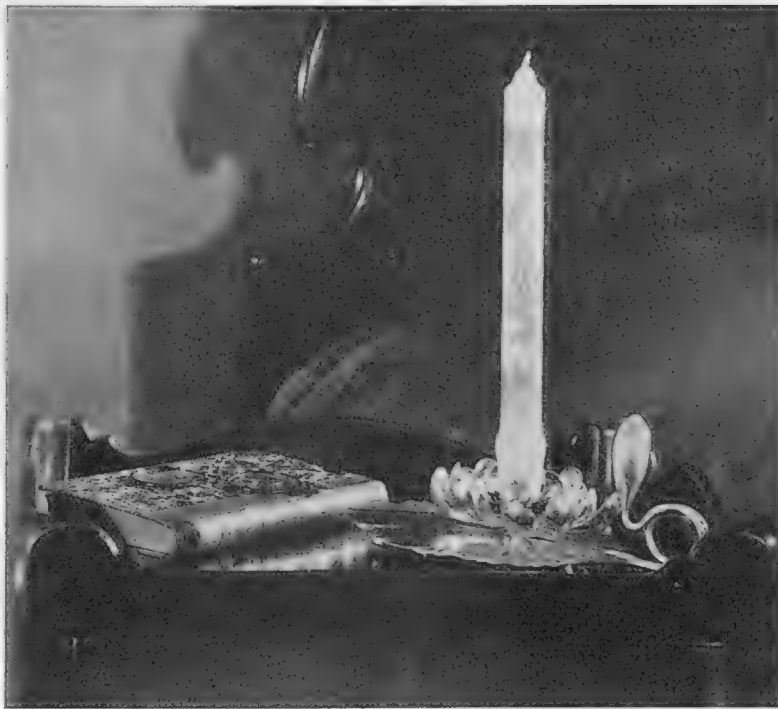
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## TOPICS OF VARIED INTEREST

## The Popular Candle.

The kind of light used in the house is of supreme importance. Many still look to the past for inspiration. Many who love a diffused and mellow light-effect have turned to the old-world candle, which embodies much of the charm of a bygone age and assists in creating that atmosphere of quiet which is eagerly sought to-day. Candle-light is rich in memories, it deals kindly with the tired face, and the mystery of its subdued glow enhances the effect of colour and shade in a room. The modern candle is much more than a light-bearer. It is definitely a thing of beauty, and the ingenuity of the candle-maker of to-day has evolved masterpieces of form and colour which play a very real part in a scheme of decoration where colour blends with colour. The Venetian candle suits almost any surroundings. The man or woman of taste ransacks the past and seizes what is beautiful, and to-day there is a vogue for Caroline and Jacobean furniture. In a seventeenth-century room the Jacobean candle gives an impulse to the imagination, and provides an authentic detail which completes the picture. There are many other candles which are much in favour for their beauty of colour and form. The Lustral, for instance, is of bright appearance, and its purpose is not only to give light at night, but, by its decorative charm, to emphasize the colour scheme in a room where vivid colours abound. The Willow-pattern with its delicate blue figure work; the Jade, austere and restful; the Dragon and Mikado, sombre and massive—all are fine examples of candle-craft. These decorative candles are



*The modern candle is definitely a thing of beauty, and plays an important part in a scheme of decoration where colour blends with colour*

produced by Price's Patent Candle Company, and are sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining the same, application must be made to this firm's Belmont Works, Battersea, S.W., when the name and address of the nearest agent will be gladly sent. By the way an ever welcome gift is a box of Price's Decorative Candles.

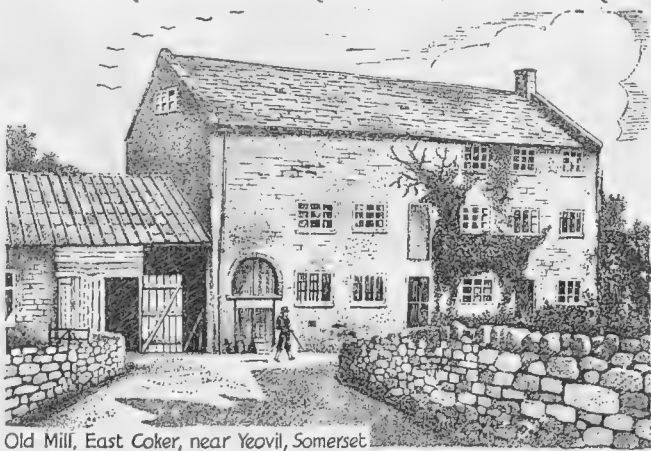
## The Windbreak Lighter.

Major Charles E. Kingsford-Smith, who with three companions recently crossed the North Atlantic in the plane *Southern Cross*, and who is now making ready for a solo flight from London to Australia, praises the Ronson lighter. It is the Windbreak lighter that he uses.

## Beautifying Britain.

During the last ten years over a million trees have been planted on territory adjacent to the G.W. system, unsuitable for agricultural purposes or denuded of trees during the War. As a result the beauties of many parts of the territory served by the company will in time become increased, and the districts which at present are barren converted into thriving and productive areas. Altogether some 27,000 acres of land have been planted. Most of this is in Wales, and in such famous districts as the Snowdon Range, Cader Idris, near Dolgelley, Plynlimmon, on the Cambrian coast at Devil's Bridge near Aberystwyth, Tintern, Exmoor, Quantocks, and the Forest of Dean. The nearest place to London on the G.W.R. which has thus become a State forest is Mortimer, near Reading, where some 2,188 acres of trees have been planted.

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## Pictures in the Fire—cont.

the ranks of sportsmen they may, with the minimum amount of opposition, attain the result they desire. This movement should receive the unqualified support of every kind of sportsman throughout the country, and thus enable it to speak with authority on any question concerning sport which may arise. In due course a meeting will be held in a suitable centre, at which the constitution of the Society will be formally submitted. A committee will then be appointed, and all arrangements made, and authority given to embark on a campaign which would represent to the public the real facts with regard to hunting, etc., to which it is now impossible for them to obtain access.

The following interesting letter has been sent to me by Major Van der Byl concerning his anti-trapping campaign, and I recommend it to those who are so busy attacking the cruelty of fox-hunting—

I have just had a letter from a correspondent in Canada which I think would interest your readers. She writes as follows:

"I was very interested in your advertisement of the 'Fur Crusade' in an English paper, and wondered if you would care to have some cuttings from the Edmonton and Vancouver papers, which I am sending separately.

"Constantly coming in contact with trappers and listening to their conversation turned me against the wearing of furs, and I do not think any woman would wear furs if she saw the agony of fear and physical torture each skin represents.

"Fur," as it is always called here, is getting very scarce, and trappers have to go far afield now to get a fair catch.

"Snaring I think is the worst form of trapping; but they have passed a law that snares may only be used on wired-in land. The snares some used were fitted with a small triangular knife, which slowly pierced the throat, according to the struggles that the poor beast made. I asked one trapper how long it would take to kill a coyote or fox, and he thought about fifteen or



AT WARWICK RACES: MR. VICTOR CARTWRIGHT AND MRS. BASIL WILLIAMS

All sporting Warwickshire and a good percentage of the rest of the racing world were at the meeting last week, run in weather that had a cubbing nip about it. Mr. Victor Cartwright is very well known with the Warwickshire hounds and also in Leicestershire

twenty minutes, depending on the strength of its struggles. I have released dogs when snared, but when the wire tightens they cease to fight, being used to chains and collars, but a wild thing goes frantic. Good luck to your cause, and I hope that you will be successful."

I may mention that I now have nearly 100,000 leaflets in circulation, explaining about the horrors of trapping and which furs may be considered as humane. I will gladly send one to any of your readers who are interested. My efforts in this cause are only restricted by want of funds.

I think the R.S.P.C.A. might take note of the last sentence in Major Van der Byl's letter.

\* \* \*

It is possible, so I hear, that unless the gentry on the North West Frontier of India can be persuaded that war won't pay in the end, the operations of that famous pack of hounds the Peshawur Vale will be rather hampered in the coming season, if indeed they are not entirely held up, and also I expect the snipe and the duck will have to be left in peace, because everyone will be kept so busy shooting other things. It will be very rough luck on the new Master of the Peshawur Vale, Captain Rutledge of the Poona Horse, if hunting is held up; but if people who have no hands, and not many guts, will let a horse called "Congress" get the silly idea into his head that he is boss of the show, and that the coachman is afraid, what can you expect? If the thing which is needed, and has been for some time past, were done in the Indian cities, and done good and hard, the fuss on the Frontier would shut up inside of a day. As it is, and if it is allowed to go on, it will cost a tidy bit of money, and probably a good deal of bloodshed and ammunition, before it is fixed up. If Bombay, for one place, were wheeled into line, as it could be inside of twenty-four hours, the Frontier would be perfectly quiet before the next sun went down. It is a job for people with both hands and feet not for rabbits.

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though so unobtrusive, affords absolute support for the sock and is strong, durable and light in weight. Obtainable in a variety of styles and colours from all Hosiery and Outfitters.

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# VOGUE

Shows you the chief points  
of the New Mode

Before you buy a single thing this autumn you must know these outstanding points of the new mode. Of course, this is a season of infinite variety, but if you study these charts, which are fully explained in the current Vogue, you cannot go wrong.

Know the real news about fashions before you spend a penny on autumn clothes. Know how the new fur coats are cut before you decide on one, know the length of the new evening wraps and the swing of the new skirts—before the dressmaker slashes into your material . . .

This knowledge and much more is in the current double number of Vogue. And in a special supplement you will see how to adapt the more luxurious mode to a less luxurious income; inexpensive clothes for children, the young girl, and the older woman; English country clothes; and 150 of the latest Vogue Pattern designs in Vogue Pattern Book.

## WHAT HATS FOR AUTUMN?



They twist, they drape, they use felt like cloth or ribbon; they can transform any woman into a beauty or a fright; the best of them are so smart that they can also be unbelievably dowdy unless they are worn the right way, at the right time, with the right clothes. This issue of Vogue shows you them all, and guides you to chic and beauty—away from the dangers of the extreme and the frumpish.

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The Paris Openings & Millinery Number of Vogue and Autumn Number of Vogue Pattern Book are now on sale, a complete fashion guide for limited and unlimited incomes. Formerly Vogue and Vogue Pattern Book were published separately and cost 2/6. Now you get them both together, complete, for only 1/6.



MORNING



AFTERNOON



EVENING

These arrows point to the principal tendencies of the new mode. Before you spend a penny on autumn clothes be sure you know what these tendencies are. You will find the full explanation in the current number of Vogue.

VOGUE WITH VOGUE PATTERN BOOK 1/6

PETROL VAPOUR—*continued*

pen of Mr. Manely Drivell. "I am now in a position to reveal that the eight-cylinder Wumpley-Bungo car—of the production of which there have lately been so many rumours—has approximately twice as many cylinders as the four-cylinder model which preceded it. In an interview with Mr. Wumpley to-day I learnt that his object in increasing the number of cylinders was, indirectly, if not directly, to make a better motor-car. It will be remembered that an outline of this tremendous development was given exclusively in this column some days ago, when I gave a hint that I should be able, in a dramatic manner, to draw the veil away from that which had for so long been a well-kept secret. And Mr. Ethelred Pimpnel is a like sufferer. "By reason of a long series of experiments, the results of which have now been made known to me, I am able (not without considerable danger to my person) to reveal that it is more pleasant to drive at night over a light-coloured road than over a black road. This revelation will come as a great surprise to those who have been bedridden or blind from birth. I was able, some few weeks ago, to record my belief that in this important matter something was about to happen, and it is now my privilege to be able to raise the curtain over a stage that is evidently set for dramatic developments, I am also now in a position to reveal that, in consequence of their being previously not quite up-to-date in some respects the — h.p. Oofle, the — h.p. Gundyposh, and the — h.p. Helycon, have now been brought up-to-date by means of certain improvements. It is conjectured that if the Helycon production for next year, namely 60,000 cars, is added to the Kit-Kat production of 70,000 cars for the same period, the total production will be in the neighbourhood of 130,000 cars for next year. I have not been, as yet, able to obtain a refutation of these figures, but the result is certainly synonymous. With any decent luck I shall be able to make some more revelations to-morrow."

## The Right Goods.

The other day there came to me a very nice little present—the sort of thing for which I am always ready to find room either in the car pocket or the bookshelf. This was a sample of the new series of road-maps which the Automobile Association have just got out. They cover, in twenty-three pieces, England, Scotland, and Wales, and they do their job with pronounced efficiency. The volume I had, a credit to the modern cartographer's art, dealt with the Home Counties south of the Thames. I flatter myself that I know that "tiri-tory" pretty well, and it pleased me for an hour or two to see if I could find this A.A. map, tripping. It runs a quarter-inch to the mile, which is not

a big scale, but as far as I could detect, it left nothing out that was negotiable. And I put it to some searching tests. One excellent feature of these new maps, apart from the fact that they are well and truly bound, is that they show all the by-passes that are in use. Only the other day a pal o' mine bought a map which failed to delineate the smallest suggestion of the Great West Road.

AIR EDDIES—*continued*

to his fleet of aeroplanes. It seems highly probable that in addition to assisting aviation in general and the Leicestershire Aero Club in particular, Mr. Lindsay Everard, by building Ratcliffe, will set a fashion which will lead all the owners of large country houses to build their own aerodromes. Aircraft should prove of the greatest value to the country houseowner though extraordinarily few of them seem as yet to have realized this. Some enterprising country clubs have already established private aerodromes, and it cannot be long before many owners of country houses will follow their example and the example of Mr. Lindsay Everard.

## Bristol.

Bristol was another of the aerodromes which opened in bad weather, and which is one of the most progressive of the larger municipal aerodromes in the country. A garden party was held there the other day at which some original exhibitions were arranged for the entertainment of the guests. The Westland Aircraft Works showed the constructional system upon which the parts of their aeroplanes are built. Westlands have always been to the fore in the manufacture of both civil and Service aeroplanes; unlike so many firms which may be said to be specialists in one or the other type. Thus the Service general purpose machine is now the Westland Wapiti, one of the most robust and genuinely versatile of all aircraft, and the Imperial Airways small size cabin machine is the Westland three-engined monoplane which is the most comfortable commercial aircraft flying on any of the regular air service. Many people still regret that the Westland Widgeon was not proceeded with, for it was certainly one of the best light aeroplanes and had the merit of being out of the ordinary run of such machines in design. Those who took to Widgeons when they were available still use them, and there are some Widgeons which must have seen a great deal of service and are still flying well.

I must not close these notes without mentioning the flying record created by the Hampshire Club for August. The total hours flown amounted to 330. More than 100 hours were flown in one week.



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**GREATER THAN EVER**

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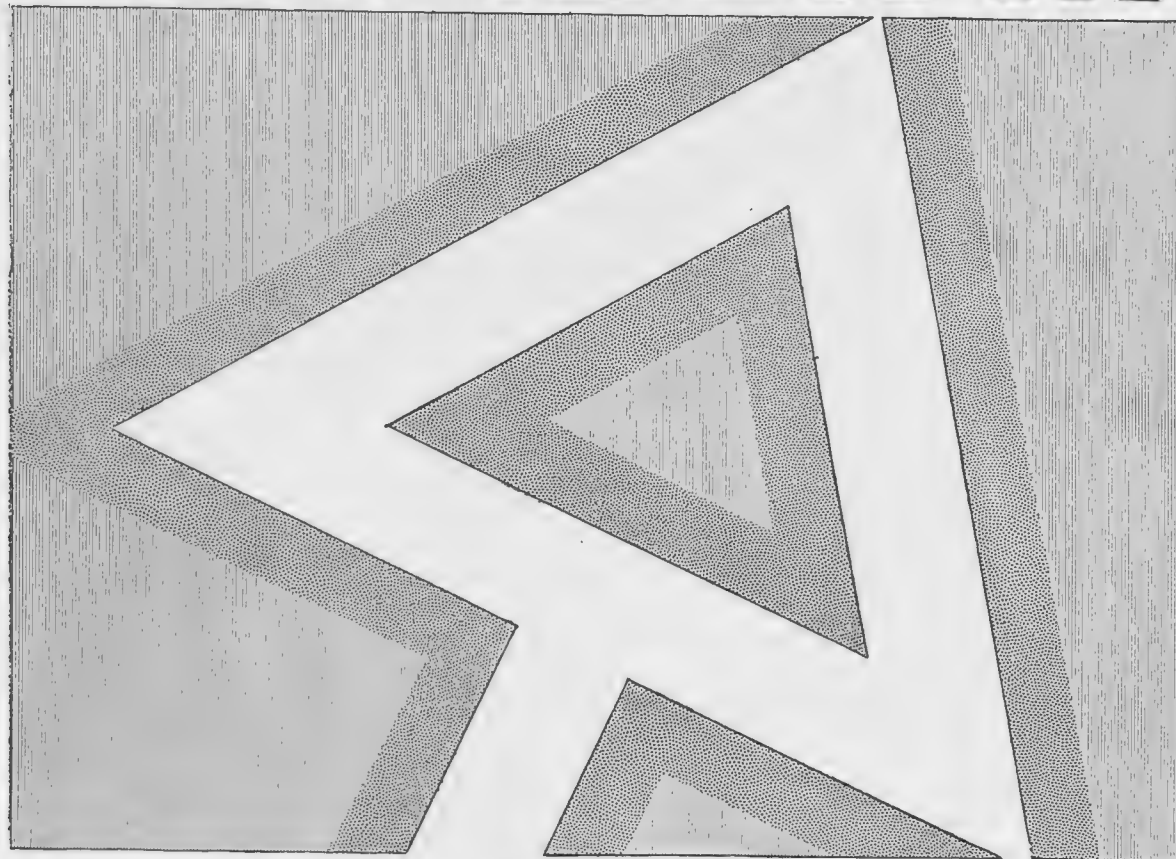
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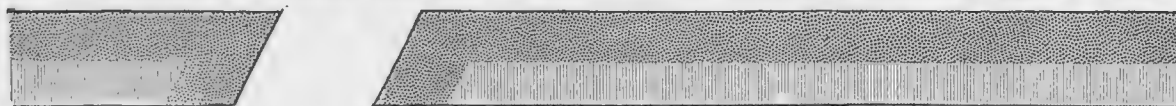
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## CAR CAMEOS

## The M.G. Midget

I never supposed that at my time of life, and particularly in view of my bulk, which stretches in all directions, I should fall in love with a Baby car, but I now have to confess that I have done so, and I am secretly wondering what my faithful Clementina will say when she gets to hear about it. The sparkling, the vivacious, the fascinating little charmer who has put the comether over me—although she has already collected thousands of other scalps—is none other than the M.G. Midget.

I am possibly wrong, but it seems to me so delightful a car deserves a better name. "Midgets" always suggest to my mind something unnatural and distinctly repulsive. Now there is certainly nothing repulsive about this M.G. model. Certainly the more you drive it the more it appeals to you.

Of course it does not afford too overwhelming an excess of room for two big people, but in its open form (the weather was kind enough not to require me to rig the ingeniously detachable hood) it gives enough. You can travel long distances and settle down to high speed without any discomfort. What is more, the general arrangement of the body and the screen is such that you get excellent protection against draughts both from in front and from the flank.

The most impressive thing about a most impressive vehicle is the wonderful little power-unit. Hard it is to believe that it boasts but 847 c.c., for it gives you, under reasonably favourable conditions, something more than an honest sixty, and if you choose to do so you can

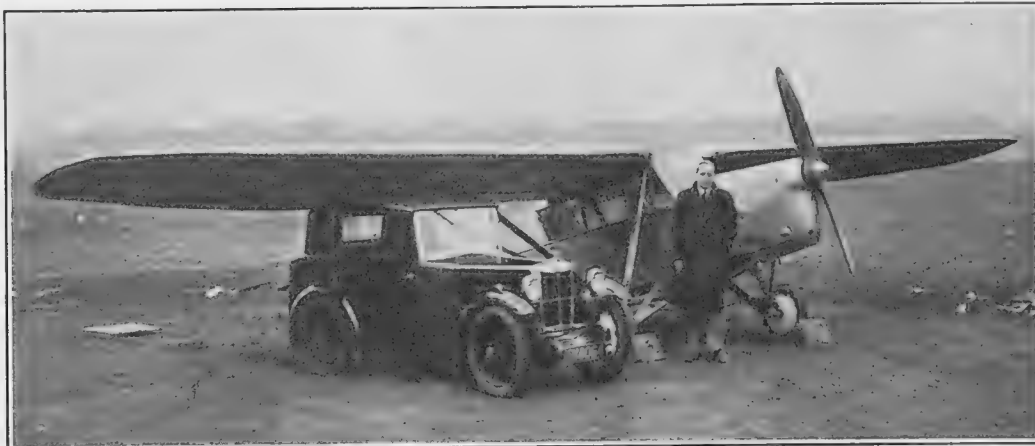
easily cruise for hours together at nearly fifty. Meanwhile there is nothing "super" about this motor, for it will come down to crawl on top, and pluckily get away again without perceptible effort. At second you can count upon over forty, even against a distinct gradient. Gear-changing is, moreover, exceedingly easy.

And the next point in performance that appeals is the little car's road-worthiness. It is a run-about and not a bounce-about. It takes bad surfaces just as though its wheel-base were a full yard longer than the 6 ft. 6 in. which it actually is. It is, of course, built nice and low to the ground, and it holds the highway when cornering really fast, in the

approved manner of the most *ventre-à-terre* racing-car. The suspension is excellent, indeed I don't think I noticed in any circumstances the smallest sign of pitching or bucketing. Since the service brakes are quite above reproach in action, it follows that the Midget is, for a car of such astonishing speed capabilities, exceptionally safe.

As far as I could judge its petrol and oil consumption appear to be as near negligible as makes no difference. For so little cost of running could there be a more joyous form of

transport? Only two faults have I to find. The pedals struck me as being awkwardly placed (and I know plenty of men who wear bigger boots than mine), and the hand-brake lever (it is meant more particularly as a parking brake) too far under the scuttle to be quite convenient. But when you consider that this speed-tit has been evolved from a standard Morris Minor chassis intended for quite a different seating position, you cannot but be surprised that it all fits in so beautifully. Truly it is a little marvel, and I would say that whatever its price was.



THE M.G. MIDGET SPORTSMAN'S COUPE  
In the background is a Puss Moth

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("Flight" Photo)

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WITH GENET MAJOR ENGINES

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The "Wessex" cruises at 95 m.p.h. for 5½ hours, with a pay load as a passenger machine of 1,100 lbs. or as a goods machine 1,200 lbs. Total fuel consumption of all three engines is 18½ galls. per hour. Write for new fully illustrated catalogue and full particulars to :—

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# ROLLS-ROYCE

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40/50 H.P. PHANTOM II CHASSIS £1900 20/25 H.P. CHASSIS £1185

These chassis are so superior to all previous Rolls-Royce designs, and their reception by discriminating purchasers has been so remarkable, that their characteristic features are unchanged.

A number of minor modifications have, during the current year, been introduced into both chassis in accordance with the usual Rolls-Royce practice. These give

greater refinement and still further improved performance.

*The 20/25 h.p. chassis is now available with longer wheel base and body frame, together with increased rake to steering column and larger steering wheel.*

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54, ST. JAMES'S ST., PICCADILLY, LONDON, S.W. 1



A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

## Motor Notes and News

Each year, almost, the Motor Show is responsible for some marked improvement in design. Balloon tyres, as they were called at their introduction, and four-wheel brakes are prominent examples. This



ONE OF THE NEW TRIUMPH SUPER-SEVEN CARS, WITH OPENING ROOF

year the tendency seems to be towards the "Silent Third" type of four-speed box, and a very good tendency it is, too. Such gears, which usually employ helically cut teeth, are expensive to manufacture, but they more than pay for themselves in the long run in that wear is reduced to a minimum. They are silent in the

first place, and they remain so, whilst the amount of nerve-strain they prevent is incalculable. It is sometimes thought that the "Silent Third" is an American invention which we have copied. Actually, however, this is not the case; it was pioneered by the Riley Company of Coventry and made its appearance at the 1926 Olympia Show in the first Riley Nine some time before any similar American product was on the market. So successful did it prove that it is substantially the same on the latest models of this well-known concern.

The Riley programme for 1931, incidentally, will be announced towards the end of September. Several interesting developments are expected, but one thing is certain, the new cars will all have "Silent Third" gears.

The new 8-h.p. Swift car, particulars of which will be announced within the next few days, will be known as the Swift Cadet model.

The demand of the new Road Traffic Bill that a pillion passenger must sit astride is being met by the production of a special pillion seat at Fort Dunlop. The new seat, which is waterproof and does not sag or lose its shape, is saddle-shaped. It gives a low riding position, and it has a handle which can be removed without disturbing any other fitting.

It is proposed to form a club for Singer owners in Greater London, the objects being to organize social events, gymkhanas, rallies, etc. Provincial motorists will also be welcomed. A meeting to discuss arrangements will be held as soon as possible; interested owners should communicate with Mr. E. C. Smith of 150, New Bond Street, W. 1.



WESTWICK TOLL-GATE, NEAR NORTH WALSHAM (NORFOLK), NOW DISUSED

The car in the foreground is a Morris Minor

Honoured Tradition  
and progressive policy  
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For decades back Bernard Weatherill has been fashioning the clothes of the discriminating. He has also been building up a reputation which, to-day, is second to none. This tradition is a spur to progress. The most minute developments in the tailoring world receive careful consideration. The "fitness of things" is given studied attention. And, with these things, is a never-ceasing effort to keep costs down to a minimum—consistent, of course, with impeccable quality. The prices below are best evidence how successful he has been.

Lounge Suits and Overcoats to measure  
from 6 gns.

Plus Four Suits from 7 gns.

Dinner Jacket Suits from 10 gns.

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LTD

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WEATHERCOATS  
Rainproof yet Porous.  
Light yet warm.



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**'BIG NINE'**  
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**ECONOMICAL CAR**  
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**QUALITY**—and the **BIG NINE**  
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Dunlop Tyres as Standard

*All-British*  
**Standard**

Makers  
of  
THE  
'ENSIGN'  
SIX

THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY LTD., CANLEY, COVENTRY

## POLO NOTES—continued.

September 6 was attempted, and making all allowance for possible error I suggest that it arrived at the result then stated, namely, that there was very little to pick between the two teams. Here is the run of the game in the second match in a form easy to follow:

U.S.A. - 1, 3, 5, 6, 6, 10, 11, 14=14  
England - 3, 3, 5, 5, 7, 7, 8, 9=9

It was England's war without any doubt for those first five chuckers; then in the 6th pony-power began to tell, and though our side made a magnificent rally in the 7th and 8th, the hurricane Pedley-Hitchcock attack was one too many for us. It was Mr. Eric Pedley's three quick machine-gun fire goals in the last chukker which made it a 14 to 9 instead of only an 11 to 9 defeat, and such a defeat confers as much lustre on the vanquished as it does upon the victor. If we had met them on terms which would have made things more equal; that is to say, if we had had as much time together and had suffered no casualties, even America, conscious of her strength as she was, did not believe that the result was any kind of certainty for her. But America had every right to fancy her chance, nevertheless, for three of the units of her present victorious team were together in the last International contest which she won, namely the 1928 one against the Argentine. In that battle America just scraped home in the first match by 7 to 6, she lost the second match 10 to 7, and then they dropped Mr. Malcolm Stevenson, and put in Mr. E. A. S. Hopping, the young player who has done so well in this present series. The No. 1 was Mr. Averill Harriman all the way. The final team which knocked the Argentine out 13 to 7 was the last-mentioned player, Mr. E. A. S. Hopping (2), Mr. Thos Hitchcock (3), and Mr. Winston Guest (back). Mr. Hitchcock and Mr. Guest were in the team all the time. These three, Hitchcock, Hopping, and Guest have been associated in practically the same position ever since 1928, and Mr. Eric Pedley, the Californian, has been the No. 1 or No. 2 in either the team or the trial horse team in all the trial matches from July 23 onwards, and in the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th trials the absolute No. 1, and from the 6th onwards has had the same three behind him, young E. A. S. Hopping only having been out of the side for a short time owing to a bad shaking up he got in a fall. Our team had no such constant practice as a team as that. Captain George was never really well in America, and with Mr. Aidan Roark, the victim of the results of a bad fall he got in England in our 4th trial, and compelled to undergo a very serious operation, our troubles were not light. We were left without a No. 1, Mr. J. B. Balding, who was eventually disabled.

The Deed of Gift of the Westchester Cup of November, 1911, says nothing about the period to elapse between challenges, and it is only by mutual agreement between the Polo Association of America and the Hurlingham Club that a three-years' interval has been fixed. The British nation has never been noted for taking a defeat lying down, so why not preserve this proud tradition and challenge at once for the next fight next year? I make this suggestion because I believe that since the War we have never been possessed of a stronger polo fighting force than we are now, and that three years hence we may not have such a good crop because, unlike America, we have not as many "seedlings" as they have. Why not do it at once? Unfortunately, the ponies have been sold, but would it be impossible to collect a new lot by the winter? Is it not a sound idea to send out a team and four reserves at least with pony reinforcements in early May.

## THE CHRONICLES OF A MUTT—continued

"As soon as we were round the next corner Jane made me change places and took the wheel. I now quite believe all the shopman claimed for that car: "ninety-five miles an hour, Kaye Don raced the . . ." but Kaye Don was not in this. We tore up the Great West Road into Chiswick; people scattered like hens, trams squealed as we passed, policemen moved rapidly out of the way and saluted. I shut my eyes and hung on. I didn't care. I didn't care if we skidded. I didn't care if we smashed. We skidded on tramways, tore round the one-way corner into Hammersmith, shot up Kensington, and in one breath were at the door of the Hyde Park Hotel.

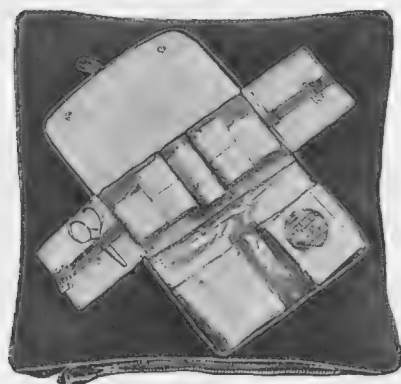
"That," said Jane, putting on the brakes with a vicious jerk, "is worth a monkey and two ponies to me."

"What on earth," I said, opening my eyes, "do you want to keep a monkey for, and . . .?"

"Don't be an ass, Lupin," she interrupted, "and it serves young Alfred Osbertson damn well right. He is giving himself far too many airs, but I had to hurry, for I was not sure how long the three-quarters of a Manhattan cocktail I poured into his carburetter would hold him up."

Queer things, women! Before I could turn round to ask her what she meant she was gone. Ten minutes later the *Merc* went by in a cloud of blue smoke. Osbertson took no notice when I waved to him. He didn't even reply when I sent him the time I arrived at the Hyde Park Hotel. The fellow may wear a Leander tie, he may stunt at Brooklands, and all the rest, but he can't lose well. He is no sportsman.

I wonder what he said to Jane to annoy her so.



## Motorists!

You need  
this new  
**FIRST AID  
CUSHION**

**H**ERE is Hamleys latest novelty for your car, a comfortable and attractive cushion, fitted with Zip-fastening pocket containing a complete first-aid outfit in oiled silk roll, enabling you to attend to any minor accidents or mishaps at home or on the road.

Made in Duveteen, with leather piping, in green, beige, brown, orange, grey or red; size 14 ins. square.

Price post free **30/-**

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of Knightsbridge

### INEXPENSIVE GOWNS

Careful study and much thought have been exercised in this Department in order to produce only the most attractive of Frocks. The majority being made in our own Workrooms—exclusiveness of cut and superiority of finish are thus assured, while the prices—in view of the thoroughly reliable quality materials used throughout—are exceptionally moderate.

Outsizes and Extra-Outsides are also a leading feature of this Department.

—One example is on the right—

TWO-PIECE GOWN, lined throughout with Crêpe-de-Chine, designed specially for the full figure. Sizes 46 and 48. In Black, Green, Brown, Beige, and Blue.

PRICE **7½ gns.**

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO. LTD. KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1







## GAZES

*-for Glorious Gardens  
& Perfect Tennis Courts*

Every phase of garden making, from the beautifying of a small plot to the laying out of a park, comes within the scope of the Gaze organisation. Also, the laying of the world-famous

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Red & Green

Moderately priced courts that will withstand hard service and extremes of weather without alteration of surface or loss of resiliency.

### "GRASS GREEN"

and Red

These Tarmac-adam courts are beautifully smooth and have exceptional resistance to hard wear. Their colour is exceedingly restful to the eyes.

### "RUBBASFIS"

Red & Green

Courts with a surface of remarkable porosity. Watersinks in and disappears immediately and play can be resumed immediately after heavy rain.

Gazes are winners of the Royal Horticultural Society's Gold Medal for 1930. See the gardens at the Gazeway and play upon the courts.

See also GAZE MINIA-TURE GOLF COURSE of special weatherproof material. Supplied complete at once, permanent or portable. Write for special folder.

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## SIR JOHN MARTIN HARVEY



now playing at The Savoy Theatre, in "The Devil's Disciple," famous for his rôle in "The Only Way," writes:—

"FOR half a life-time I have been touring with my Company from one end of the country to the other, visiting every big provincial town, and in later years voyaging to the Dominions overseas, and in my journeyings, I have found that Phosferine is of the greatest assistance in aiding me to cope with the prolonged and strenuous mental and physical nature of my work. The extra fillip of energy it imparts to a jaded system and fatigued brain makes it possible to complete each day's duties and responsibilities with unvarying efficiency. That is my tribute to Phosferine, it helps the normally healthy and zealous workers to do their best and the weaker industrious ones amongst us to keep their end up creditably. In fulfilling simultaneously the rôles of player, producer and business director, week in week out, Sundays included, I can say with confidence that Phosferine easily enables me to counteract considerably the nerve strain my work involves, and allows me to apply my vitality vigorously to new ventures—such as the film of 'The Only Way.'"

*From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.*

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From Chemists.

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

Also take PHOSFERINE HEALTH SALT the Tonic Fruit Saline—It tones as it cleanses! Price 1/6—double quantity 2/6.

Aldwych

## Notes from Here and There

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, ask your help for a lady to whom fate has been particularly unkind. A devoted daughter, she spent the years between the age of twelve and fifty-two as a nurse, looking after her mother who was a confirmed invalid, and later earning for her father who became a great sufferer. On her parents' death she was left almost penniless and broken down in health. Her nearest relation, an aunt, gave her a home and promised to leave her well provided for, but after a while she died leaving everything to her son, and once again her niece was destitute. For her to take a post is out of the question as she has a acute asthma and weak heart, so her cousin has given her the house where she spent the last years looking after her aunt. Having no income, she appealed to the public authorities, who allowed her 10s. weekly and, at the same time she has managed to let rooms, and so with great care can just carry on. Unfortunately, before establishing herself, she contracted debts for food and other necessities with the tradesmen, which amount to £10, and these are like a millstone round her neck, for she cannot pay them off out of her small income. If we could only clear them her relief would be intense, and we ask our readers to send gifts and so help to dissipate this nightmare—please be generous to her.



## ANOTHER AUSTRALIAN FLIGHT

Captain F. R. Matthews (right) set off last week on a flight to Australia in an attempt to lower the Hinkler record. Mr. P. A. Godfrey Phillips is seen handing over a piece of intricate machines for their new cigarette factory established at Melbourne

A history of some of the square yards of the most famous "square mile" in the world, written and illustrated entirely by members of the staff of a bank, has been published by Lloyds bank to mark the opening of their new head office in Lombard Street. "Twixt Lombard Street and Cornhill" tells the story of the site on which the new head office of the bank stands. It is a site crowded with the ghosts of men, legendary and real, who have played their parts in the building of London as the financial centre of the world. It brings vividly before us these men, their hopes, ambitions, failures, and successes. The book is bound in imitation vellum, and its pages are reminiscent of the work of the old-times monks whose illustrated manuscripts are among our greatest treasures. There are many full-page illustrations in colour, and the letterpress is embellished by ornamental letters and scrolls in gold and colours. The author has captured the ancient spirit of the City. He has been fortunate in his colleagues of the bank, whose drawings and sketches set before us vivid word pictures which he draws in our minds.

As if we are riding H. G. Wells' Time Machine, we are taken rapidly through the centuries from the time when Lombard Street was a "stretch of rising ground thrusting its humped back out of a vast tract of marsh and fenland" to the present day.

After the full page of pictures of Miss Evelyn Laye's first talkie had gone to press information was received in England that the title of the film had been changed from *Lilli* to *Escapade*.



## "THE SPHERE" GOLF TOURNAMENT

Mr. J. Bewsher of "The Sphere" advertisement department, handing the challenge cup to the winner of the 18-hole handicap, Mr. W. F. Kaye, who won with a score of 74. The runner-up was Mr. H. M. Panton, and he got the special prize presented by Mr. Bewsher

STYLE  
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beauty of materials, true craftsmanship, perfectly designed lasts, fittings for all types of feet. Such worth-while qualities as these are evident in every Daniel Neal production.

## For example:

No. E060 (below) is an Arch-support model, beautifully proportioned and extremely well finished. The unobtrusive brace of the support will be readily appreciated. In brown lizard, brown glacé, black suède, black glacé, and black patent. In slender, normal and wide fittings.

Other Leathers 30/- Brown Lizard 45/-



No. E060



No. B060

Write for catalogue  
of other styles—  
post free.

No. B060 is an Arch-support dress shoe in black patent and black satin. Where there is the least suspicion of weakness in the arch of the foot—and it is frequent—this light and flexible model is invaluable for dress wear. In slender, normal and wide fittings.

Price 30/-

On receipt of 6d. and outline drawing of stockinged feet we will send you a sample shoe on approval.

**Daniel Neal**  
SONS LIMITED

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BY APPOINTMENT  
TO H.M. THE KING

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Blue Goat, lined beige silk. Patent sliding catch. Length 8 ins. £4 15 0

Green Hide Pochette. Length 9½ ins. £3 15 0

Beige Goat, lined silk, Patent sliding catch. Length 9 ins. £4 12 6

Sterling Silver-gilt and Enamel Vanity Case, with Mirror in lid, divisions for powder and Rouge, and hinged Lipstick holder. Size, 3¼ x 2½ ins. £6 15 0

The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company have recently considerably extended the department devoted to Handbags and Travel Cases, and those shown are taken from the collection that embraces unfitted hand bags, costing a few pounds, to the gold-fitted crocodile leather Case at £400. A complete range for every possible purpose at various prices will be found displayed at 112, Regent Street, W.1

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Tweed 1850 Burberry

CATALOGUE  
of Overcoats  
for Country,  
Town and  
Travel, and  
PATTERNS  
of materials,  
post free on  
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remember its first purpose is protection. Not protection in any one kind of weather, but under all conditions.

## BURBERRY OVERCOATS

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### Best of Weatherproofs on Wet Days, and Warmest of Overcoats when it's Chilly

as well as the lightest, and most comfortable, coats for mild days.

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### Always 10,000 Coats to Choose from

—coats in every conceivable style and material, from the lightest dust-coats to the thickest blizzard-proof travel coats, all made from materials that are Warm without Weight and Weatherproof without Heat.



The Urbitor  
Burberry

## BURBERRYS Ltd. HAYMARKET LONDON S.W.1

## Eve at Golf

(Continued from p. 608)

she lost this time—a trifle unluckily—at the twentieth hole; Miss Dorrit Wilkins establishing a reputation by some great golf against Miss Betty Roberts-Harris, Miss Aline de Gunzburg (Miss Esmond's cousin) doing likewise by beating Miss Johnson at the nineteenth, and Miss Doran playing well all day. In the morning she was out in 37, so that Miss Kathleen Merry did extremely well to lose by no more than 5 and 4 to her.

Next morning Miss Peggy Whitfeld kept up her name of snatching a match which seemed lost, this time from the surviving Australian, Miss Katharine Rymill, whilst the other Whitfeld played equally good golf to put out Miss de Gunzburg for whom things just would not go as brilliantly as the day before, though she confirmed an impression of real promise. Miss Wilkins, petite and persevering, put out the big-hitting Miss Greaves, and Miss Doran accounted for Miss Franklin from Old Manchester. There began to be talk of a final between the Whitfeld twins. But those two, excellent as their style with the wooden clubs, play golf as yet in a bit too much of a hurry; it is better than the other extreme, but there is such a thing as undue haste, and it certainly cost them their matches, Miss Peggy 4 and 2 to Miss Doran and Miss Betty 6 and 4 to Miss Wilkins.

Then the final next morning, with a splendid exchange of fours and threes, with a two from Miss Doran at the seventh,



BOTH FROM DOWN UNDER

Miss Alison Milne and Miss Katharine Rymill, who came from Adelaide and Kooyonga and met at Stoke Poges, where they competed in the Girls' Open Golf Championship, the happenings at which are dealt with in this article

and altogether a great many specimens of first-class shots. If there were others of another kind in between, who can expect perfection from fifteen and seventeen years old? Miss Wilkins was only once up, at the sixth, she turned one down, but she never gave in, squared the match with a grand four at the last, and died gallantly at the nineteenth only.

It still remains to mention the Craig Bogey challenge cup, won by Miss Mary Johnson with Miss Rieben second, and the Chaperones prizes which went to Mrs. Roberts-Harris who was first each day, Mrs. Taylor, the mother of Betty Taylor, and Mrs. Milne, one of the welcome Australian mothers. All these stood up nobly against the onslaught of Miss Molly Brennan, hon. sec. of the Girls' Golfing Society, who, by reason of her work on their behalf, was invested with honorary rank as a chaperone and invited to compete.

Yes, it was a cheerful gathering, with the course in quite perfect condition, the weather kind, distinguished folk such as Miss Enid Wilson, Colonel Holdsworth Hunt, Commander Maxwell Fowler, and Mr. R. H. de Montmorency fresh from his West of England championship triumph to referee for them, and Miss Diana Fishwick to give away the cups and prizes and make the most charming of little speeches. Next year's championship may be bigger, but it will have to work very hard if it is to be better.

All "Eve's" golfing activities are being continued by "Britannia and Eve," in which a golfing supplement is conducted by Miss Eleanor Helme.



### FROCKS for the TROPICS

This distinctive frock is made in a heavy-weight guaranteed washing crepe-de-chine. Large selection of ready-to-wear frocks in washing silk.

From  $2\frac{1}{2}$  Guineas

Illustrated tropical catalogue on request.

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**GIRL'S TAILORED COAT** in navy mixture tweed, trimmed narrow strappings of navy leather; warmly interlined.

PRICES:  
Size for 2 years, 18 ins. **£6:6:0**  
Size for 3 years, 20 ins. **£6:16:0**  
Size for 4 years, 22 ins. **£7:7:0**  
Size for 5 years, 24 ins. **£7:17:6**

HAT to match. Price **49/6**

Sent on approval.

**Debenham & Freebody.**  
(DEBENHAM LIMITED)  
Wigmore Street,  
(Cavendish Square); London, W.1.



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offers unrivalled opportunities to the Traveller, Settler and Investor.

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	£2,000 Income, Tax £106 pr. an.

Agriculture	-	\$58,664,243
Fishings	-	\$26,562,691
Forest	-	\$93,787,000
Manufacturing	-	\$280,000,000
Mining	-	\$65,372,583
Pulp and Paper	-	\$16,755,000

**Production  
1928 Figures**

**Sunshine**  
No. of hrs. 1928

2,416 Hours	-	Kamloops
1,957 Hours	-	Nanaimo
1,824 Hours	-	Vancouver
2,206 Hours	-	Victoria
1,735 Hours	-	Nelson
2,157 Hours	-	Vernon

Estate, \$20,000 -	NIL
Estate, \$50,000 -	1 1/2%
Estate, \$100,000 -	2%
Estate, \$200,000 -	4%
Estate, \$400,000 -	6%
Estate, \$1,000,000 or over,	12%

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Not even the most robust people can safely ignore the health dangers of this climate. But Pure Wool is their finest protector—and "Chilprufe" presents Pure Wool in its cosiest and most durable form.

## CHILPRUFE for LADIES

The soft, light fabric surrounds the body with uniformly warm air; yet even the boisterous play of childhood never causes roughness to the skin. Laundering, too, entails no risks—shape and texture are unchanged to the last.

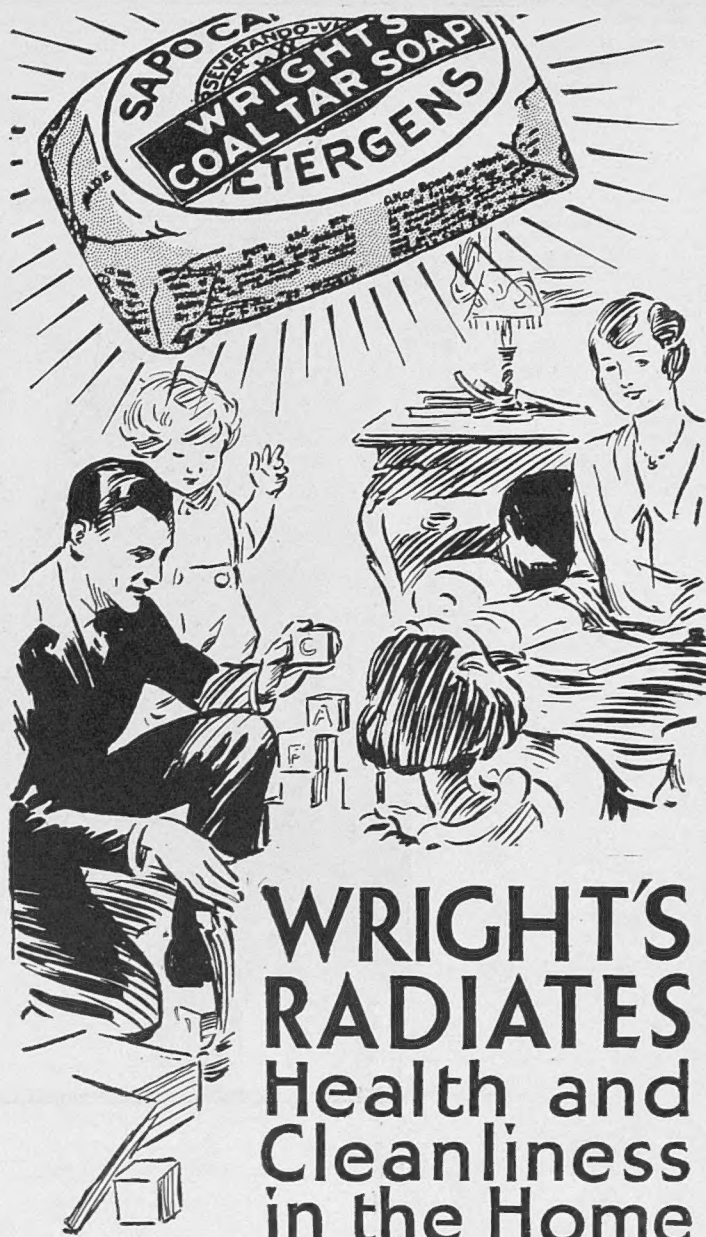
SELFRIDGES' stock of "Chilprufe" for Ladies covers every phase of fashion, in styles of perfect daintiness. There is also a full range for children, from birth onwards. "Chilprufe" Quality is unaffected by the reduction in prices.

## NEW ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST on application.

Women's Woven Underwear. Ground Floor, Aisle 20.  
Children's Woven Underwear. Ground Floor, Aisle 18.  
Baby Linen Dept. Second Floor.

Selfridges

London



There is only one contagious thing about Wright's—and that's the Wright's habit. In every other way anything contagious doesn't stand a chance.

From dad, with his every-day strap-hanging, to baby, who knows more about the floor than anyone else in the family, Wright's is the natural soap to use. And sensible, too. Its clean fresh smell spells safety—complete protection against germs. Yet you couldn't have a better soap for the complexion and it makes you feel full of zest and vigour.

Doctors have recommended it for over 65 years. Wright's must be good to have stood the test so long.

## WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

6d. per tablet.



The  
Smartest

## Chauffeurs' Liveries

Your Chauffeur can be fitted by Moss Bros., without delay and at a minimum of expenditure, with a perfectly tailored outfit. Fine quality materials, guaranteed for hard service.

Finest quality heavy weight BLUE RAINCOAT, 70/- & 97/6  
BLUE OVERCOAT, 53, 63, & 83 Gns. MACKINTOSH - 65/-  
Also a large selection of LIVERIES in Grey, Green and Claret. Gloves, Caps, Boots, Leggings and Rugs.

BLUE SERGE SUIT, 6 Gns.

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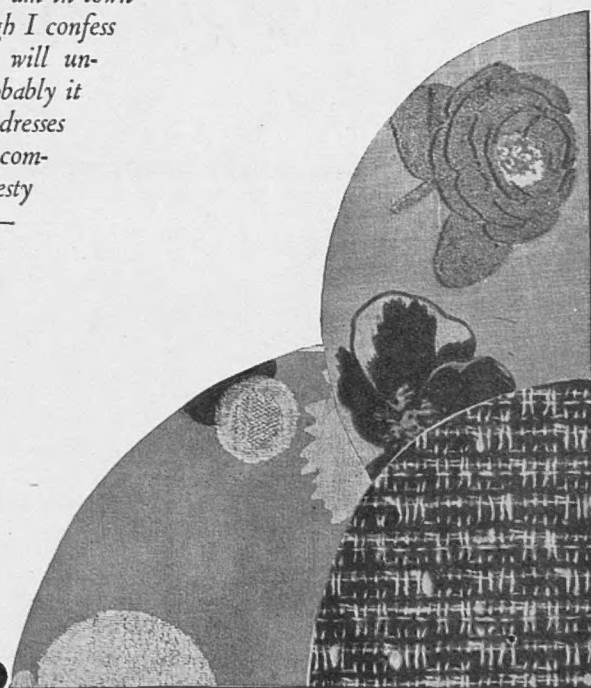
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"You may still be on your holidays, but I am not. You are probably still bathing, golfing and walking aimlessly on moors or cliffs, but I am in town and have already seen 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street' (although I confess that I had to journey as far as Malvern to see them!). But you will undoubtedly visit them in their London home as soon as you return. Probably it is warm, and the sun is shining and you are wearing those sleeveless dresses which belie all the hard things said about our retrograde fashions, or those comfortable shorts which refute the still harder remarks made about the mock modesty of our race. But I can tell you what you will be wearing at Christmas time—and, believe me, you will look charming—for by special permission I have been allowed to see the collections of the big dressmakers in Paris.

By the time these words are in print I shall know the secrets of next season, but the special facilities granted to me as representative of **BRITANNIA AND EVE** are permitted only on the understanding that no word of what is seen shall appear before a certain date. The September issue contains all I know—you really must get it . . . ."

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